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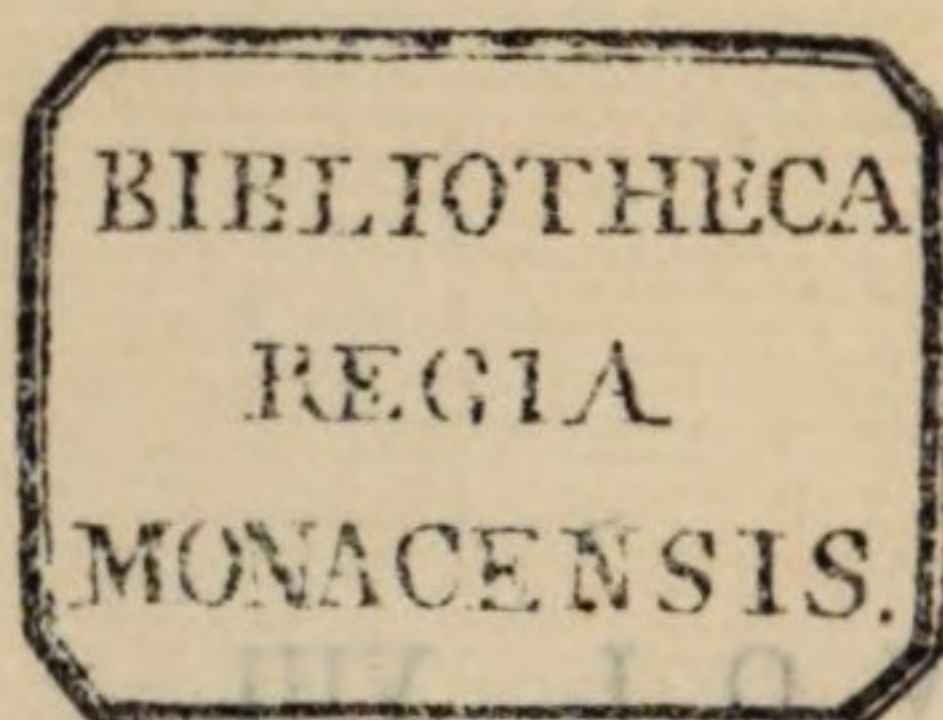
THE
BRITISH POETS.

V O L. VIII.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for A. KINCAID and W. CREECH,
and J. BALFOUR.

M, DCC, LXXIII.



P O E M S

UPON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

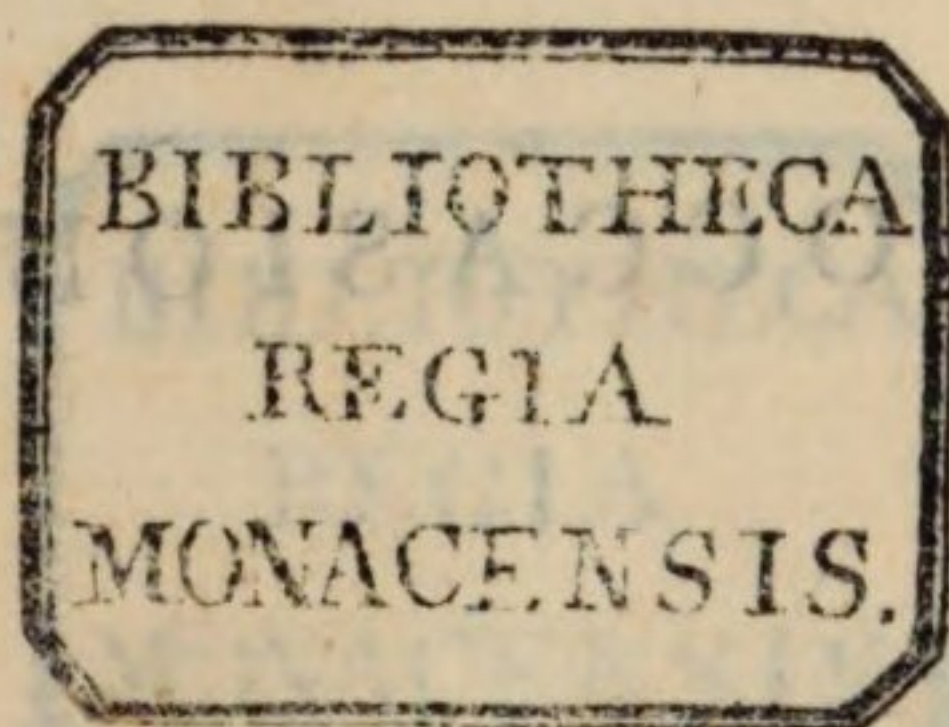
BY

EDMUND WALLER, Esq;

EDINBURGH:

Printed for A. KINCAID and W. CREECH,
and J. BALFOUR.

M, DCC, LXXIII.



EDMUND WALLER, Esq.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for A. Kincaid and W. Carruthers,
and J. Ballantyne.
MDCCLXXIII.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
LADY MARGARET
CAVENDISHE HARLEY.

LET others boast the nine Aonian maids,
Inspiring streams and sweet-refounding-shades;
Where Phoebus heard the rival bards rehearse,
And bade the laurels learn the lofty verse.
In vain! Nor Phoebus, nor the boasted Nine,
Inflame the raptur'd soul with rays divine:
None but the fair infuse the sacred fire,
And love with vocal art informs the lyre.

When Waller, kindling with coelestial rage,
View'd the bright Harley of that wond'ring age,
His pleasing pain he taught the lute to breathe;
The Graces sung, and wove his myrtle wreath.
In youth, of patrimonial wealth possess'd,
The praise of science faintly warm'd his breast:

But, fir'd to fame by Sidney's rosy smile,
Swift o'er the laureat-realm he urg'd his toil.
His Muse, by nature form'd to please the fair,
Or sing of heroes with majestic air,
To melting strains attun'd her voice, and strove
To waken all the tender pow'rs of love :
More sweetly soft her awful beauty shone,
Than Juno grac'd with Cytherea's zone.

As angels love, congenial souls unite
Their radiance, and refine each other's light :
The florid and sublime, the grave and gay,
From Waller's beams imbibe a purer ray :
Illumin'd thence in equal lays to bound
Their copious sense, and harmonise the sound ;
With varied notes the curious ear to please,
And turn a nervous thought with artful ease.
Maker and model of melodious verse !
Accept these votive honours at thy hearse.
While I with filial awe attempt thy praise,
Infuse thy genius, and my fancy raise !
So, warbling o'er his urn the woodland choirs
To Orpheus pay the song his shade inspires.

In Waller's fame, O fairest Harley ! view
What verdant palms shall owe their birth to you.
To you what deathless charms are thence decree'd,
In Sacharissa's fate vouchsafe to read.
Secure beneath the wing of with'ring time,
Her beauties flourish in ambrosial prime :
Still kindling rapture, see ! she moves in state ;
Gods, nymphs, and heroes on her triumph wait.

Nor think the lover's praise of love's delight
In purest minds may stain the virgin-white :
How bright and chaste, the poet and his theme !
So Cynthia shines on Arethusa's stream.
A fainted virtue to the spheres may sing
Those strains that ravish'd here the martyr-king.
Plenteous of native wit, in letter'd ease
Politely form'd to profit and to please,
To Fame whate'er was due he gave to Fame ;
And, what he could not praise, forgot to name :
Thus Eden's rose without a thorn display'd
Her bloom, and in a fragrant blush decay'd.

Such soul-attracting airs were sung of old,
When blissful years in golden circles roll'd :
Pure from deceit, devoid of fear and strife,
While love was all the pensive care of life,
The swains in green retreats, with flowrets crown'd,
Taught the young groves their passion to resound :
Fancy pursu'd the paths where beauty led,
To please the living, or deplore the dead.
While to their warbled woe the rocks reply'd,
The rills remurmer'd, and the Zephyrs sigh'd ;
From death redeem'd by verse, the vanish'd fair
Breath'd in a flow'r, or sparkled in a star.
Bright as the stars, and fragrant as the flow'rs
Where spring resides in soft, Elysian bow'rs ;
While these the bow'rs adorn, and they the sphere.
Will Sacharissa's charms in song appear.
Yet, in the present age, her radiant name
Must take a dimmer interval of fame ;

When you to full meridian lustre rise,
With Morton's shape, and Gloriana's eyes;
With Carlisle's wit, her gesture, and her mein;
And, like seraphic Rich, with zeal serene:
In sweet assemblage all their graces join'd
To language, mode, and manners more refin'd!
That angel-frame, with chaste attraction gay,
Mild as the dove-ey'd morn awakes the May,
Of noblest youths will reign the public care,
Their joy, their wish, their wonder, and despair.
Far-beaming thence what bright ideas flow!
The sister-arts with sudden rapture glow:
Her Titian tints the Painter-nymph resumes;
The canvas warm with roseate beauty blooms:
Inspir'd with life by Sculpture's happy toil,
The marble breathes, and softens with your smile:
Proud to receive the form, by Fate design'd
The fairest model of the fairer kind.
But hear, O hear the Muse's heav'nly voice!
The waving woods, and echoing vales rejoice:
Attend, ye gales! to Margareta's praise;
And all ye list'ning loves record the lays!
So Philomela charms th' Idalian grove,
When Venus, in the glowing orb of love,
O'er ocean, earth, and air, extends her reign;
The first, the brightest, of the starry train.

What fav'rite youth assign the Fates to rise,
In bridal pomp to lead the blooming prize?
Whether his father's garter'd shield sustains
Trophies, atchiev'd on Gallia's viny plains:

Or, smiling peace a mingled wreath displays,
'The patriot's olive, and the poet's bays :
Adorn, ye Fates ! the fav'rite youth assign'd,
With each enobling grace of form, and mind :
In merit make him great, as great in blood ;
Great without pride, and amiably good :
His breast the guardian ark of heav'n-born law,
To strike a faithless age with conscious awe.
In choice of friends by manly reason sway'd ;
Not fear'd, but honour'd ; and with love obey'd.
In courts, and camps, in council, and retreat,
Wise, brave, and studious to support the state.
With candour firm ; without ambition, bold ;
No deed discolour'd with the guilt of gold.
That heav'n may judge the choicest blessings due ;
And give the various good compriz'd in you.

E. FENTON.

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P O E M S

U P O N

S E V E R A L O C C A S I O N S.

Of the Danger His M A J E S T Y (being
Prince) escaped in the Road at S A I N T
A N D E R O.

N O W had his Highness bid farewell to Spain,
And reach'd the sphere of his own pow'r,
the Main ;
With British bounty in his ship he feasts
The Hesperian Princes, his amazed guests,
To find that wat'ry wilderiness exceed
The entertainment of their great Madrid.
Heaths to both Kings, attended with the roar
Of cannons eccho'd from th' affrighted shore,
With loud resemblance of his thunder, prove
Bacchus the seed of cloud-compelling Jove:
While to his harp divine Arion sings
The loves, and conquests, of our Albion kings.

Of the fourth Edward was his noble song,
Fierce, goodly, valiant, beautiful and young :
He rent the crown from vanquish'd Henry's head ;
Rais'd the White Rose, and trampled on the Red :
'Till Love, triumphing o'er the victor's pride,
Brought Mars and Warwick to the conquer'd side :
Neglected Warwick (whose bold hand, like Fate,
Gives and resumes the sceptre of our state)
Woos for his master ; and, with double shame,
Himself deluded, mocks the princely dame,
The Lady Bona ; whom just anger burns,
And foreign war with civil rage returns.
Ah ! spare your swords, where beauty is to blame ;
Love gave th' affront, and must repair the same :
When France shall boast of her, whose conqu'ring eyes
Have made the best of English hearts their prize ;
Have pow'r to alter the decrees of fate,
And change again the counsels of our state.

What the prophetic Muse intends, alone
To him that feels the secret wound is known.

With the sweet sound of this harmonious lay
About the keel delighted dolphins play ;
Too sure a sign of sea's ensuing rage,
Which must anon this royal troop engage :
To whom soft sleep seems more secure and sweet,
Within the town commanded by our fleet.

'These mighty peers plac'd in the gilded barge,
Proud with the burden of so brave a charge ;
With painted oars the youth begins to sweep
Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep :
Which soon becomes the seat of sudden war
Between the wind and tide, that fiercely jar.

As when a sort of lusty shepherds try
Their force at foot-ball, care of victory
Makes them salute so rudely breast to breast,
That their encounter seems too rough for jest;
They ply their feet, and still the restless ball,
Toss'd to and fro, is urged by them all:
So fares the doubtful barge 'twixt tide and winds;
And like effect of their contention finds.
Yet the bold Britons still securely row'd;
Charles and his virtue was their sacred load:
Than which a greater pledge Heav'n could not give,
That the good boat this tempest should out-live.

But storms increase; and now no hope of grace
Among them shines, save in the Prince's face;
The rest resign their courage, skill, and fight,
To danger, horror, and unwelcome night.
The gentle vessel, (wont with state and pride
On the smooth back of silver Thames to ride,)
Wanders astonish'd in the angry Main,
As Titan's car did, while the golden rein
Fill'd the young hand of his * advent'rous son,
When the whole world an equal hazard run
To this of ours, the light of whose desire
Waves threaten now, as that was scar'd by fire.
Th' impatient sea grows impotent, and raves,
That, night assisting, his impetuous waves
Should find resistance from so light a thing;
These surges ruin, those our safety bring.
Th' oppressed vessel doth the charge abide,
Only because assail'd on ev'ry side:

* Phaeton.

So men with rage and passion set on fire,
Trembling for haste, impeach their mad desire.

The pale Iberians had expir'd with fear,
But that their wonder did divert their care ;
To see the Prince with danger mov'd no more,
Than with the pleasures of their court before :
God-like his courage seem'd, whom nor delight
Could soften, nor the face of death affright :
Next to the pow'r of making tempests cease,
Was in that storm to have so calm a peace.
Great Maro could no greater tempest feign,
When the loud winds usurping on the main,
For angry Juno, labour'd to destroy
The hated reliques of confounded Troy :
His bold Æneas, on like billows tost
In a tall ship, and all his country lost,
Dissolves with fear, and, both his hands upheld,
Proclaims them happy whom the Greeks had quell'd
In honourable fight : Our hero set
In a small shallop, fortune in his debt,
So near a hope of crowns and sceptres, more
Than ever Priam, when he flourish'd, wore ;
His loins yet full of ungot princes, all
His glory in the bud, lets nothing fall
That argues fear : If any thought annoys
The gallant youth, 'tis love's untasted joys ;
And dear remembrance of that fatal glance,
For which he lately pawn'd his heart in France ;
Where he had seen a brighter nymph than * she
That sprung out of his present foe, the sea.

* Venus.

That noble ardor, more than mortal fire,
The conquer'd ocean could not make expire;
Nor angry Thetis raise her waves above
Th' heroic Prince's courage, or his love:
'Twas indignation, and not fear he felt,
The shrine shou'd perish, where that image dwelt.
Ah Love forbid! the noblest of thy train
Should not survive to let her know his pain:
Who nor his peril minding, nor his flame,
Is entertain'd with some less serious game,
Among the bright nymphs of the Gallic court;
All highly born, obsequious to her sport:
They roses seem, which, in their early pride,
But half reveal, and half their beauties hide:
She the glad morning, which her beams does throw
Upon their smiling leaves, and gilds them so:
Like bright Aurora, whose refulgent ray
Foretels the fervor of ensuing day;
And warns the shepherd with his flocks retreat
To leafy shadows, from the threaten'd heat.

From Cupid's string of many shafts that fled,
Wing'd with those plumes which noble Fame had shed,
As through the wond'ring world she flew, and told
Of his adventures, haughty, brave, and bold;
Some had already touch'd the royal maid;
But Love's first summons seldom are obey'd:
Light was the wound, the prince's care unknown,
She might not, would not, yet reveal her own.
His glorious name had so possess'd her ears,
That with delight those antique tales she hears
Of Jason, Theseus, and such worthies old,
As with the story best resemblance hold.

And now she views, as on the wall it hung,
What old Musaeus so divinely sung :
Which art with life and love did so inspire,
That she discerns, and favours that desire,
Which there provokes th' advent'rous youth to swim,
And in Leander's danger pities him ;
Whose not new love alone, but fortune, seeks
To frame his story like that amorous Greek's.
For from the stern of some good ship appears
A friendly light, which moderates their fears :
New courage from reviving hope they take,
And climbing o'er the waves, that taper make ;
On which the hope of all their lives depends,
As his on that fair hero's hand extends.
The ship at anchor, like a fixed rock,
Breaks the proud billows which her large sides knock ;
Whose rage restrain'd, foaming higher swells,
And from her port the weary barge repels,
Threat'ning to make her, forced out again,
Repeat the dangers of the troubled main.
Twice was the cable hurl'd in vain ; the Fates
Would not be moved for our sister states :
For England is the third successful throw,
And then the genius of that land they know :
Whose prince must be (as their own books devise)
Lord of the scene where now his danger lies.
Well sung the Roman bard : " all human things
" Of dearest value hang on slender strings."
O see the then sole hope, and in design
Of heav'n our joy, supported by a line !
Which for that instant was heav'n's care above,
The chain that's fixed to the throne of Jove,

On which the fabric of our world depends;
One link dissolv'd, the whole creation ends.

Of his MAJESTY's receiving the news of the
Duke of BUCKINGHAM's death.

SO earnest with thy God! Can no new care,
No sense of danger interrupt thy pray'r?
The sacred wrestler, till a blessing giv'n,
Quits not his hold, but halting conquers heav'n:
Nor was the stream of thy devotion stop'd,
When from the body such a limb was lop'd,
As to thy present state was no less maim;
Tho' thy wise choice has since repair'd the same.
Bold Homer durst not so great virtue feign
In his * best pattern: Of Patroclus slain,
With such amazement as weak mothers use,
And frantic gesture, he receives the news.
Yet fell his darling by th' impartial chance
Of war, impos'd by royal Hector's lance.
Thine in full peace, and by a vulgar hand
Torn from thy bosom, left his high command.

† The famous painter could allow no place
For private sorrow in a prince's face:
Yet, that his peace might not exceed belief,
He cast a veil upon supposed grief.
'Twas want of such a precedent as this,
Made the old heathen frame their gods amiss.

* Achilles. † Timanthes,

Their Phoebus should not act a fonder part
 For the † fair boy, than he did for his hart :
 Nor blame for Hyacinthus' fate his own,
 That kept from him wish'd death, hadst thou been
 known.

He that with thine shall weigh good David's deeds,
 Shall find his passion, nor his love, exceeds :
 He curs'd the mountains where his brave friend dy'd,
 But let false Ziba with his heir divide :
 Where thy immortal love to thy blest'd friends,
 Like that of heav'n, upon their seed descends.
 Such huge extremes inhabit thy great mind,
 God-like, unmov'd ; and yet, like woman, kind !
 Which of the antient poets had not brought
 Our Charles' pedigree from heav'n ; and taught
 How some bright dame, compress'd by mighty Jove,
 Produc'd this mix'd divinity and love ?

To the KING on his NAVY.

WHere'er thy navy spreads her canvas wings,
 Homage to thee, and peace to all she brings :
 The French, and Spaniard, when thy flags appear,
 Forget their hatred, and consent to fear.
 So Jove from Ida did both hosts survey,
 And when he pleas'd to thunder part the fray.
 Ships heretofore in seas like fishes sped,
 The mightiest still upon the smallest fed :
 Thou on the deep imposest nobler laws ;

† Cyparissus.

And by that justice hast remov'd the cause
Of those rude tempests, which, for rapine sent,
Too oft, alas! involv'd the innocent.
Now shall the ocean, as thy Thames, be free
From both those fates, of storms, and piracy.
But we most happy, who can fear no force
But winged troops, or Pegasean horse :
'Tis not so hard for greedy foes to spoil
Another nation, as to touch our soil.
Should Nature's self invade the world again,
And o'er the center spread the liquid main,
Thy pow'r were safe; and her destructive hand
Wou'd but enlarge the bounds of thy command :
Thy dreadful fleet would stile thee lord of all,
And ride in triumph o'er the drowned ball :
Those tow'rs of oak o'er fertile plains might go,
And visit mountains where they once did grow.
The world's restorer once cou'd not endure,
That finish'd Babel shou'd those men secure,
Whose pride design'd that fabric to have stood
Above the reach of any second flood :
To thee his chosen more indulgent, he
Dares trust such pow'r with so much piety.

On the taking of SALLE.

OF Jason, Theseus, and such worthies old,
Light seem the tales antiquity has told.
Such beasts, and monsters, as their force oppress'd,
Some places only, and some times, infest.

Salle that scorn'd all pow'r and laws of men,
Goods with their owners hurrying to their den;
And future ages threat'ning with a rude,
And savage race, successively renew'd :
Their king despising with rebellious pride,
And foes profess'd to all the world beside :
This pest of mankind gives our hero fame,
And through th' obliged world dilates his name.

The prophet once to cruel Agag said,
As thy fierce sword has mothers childless made,
So shall the sword make thine : And with that word
He hew'd the man in pieces with his sword.
Just Charles like measure has return'd to these,
Whose pagan hands had stain'd the troubled seas :
With ships, they made the spoiled merchant mourn ;
With ships, their city and themselves are torn.
One squadron of our winged castles sent
O'erthrew their fort, and all their navy rent :
For not content the dangers to increase,
And act the part of tempests in the seas ;
Like hungry wolves, those pirates from our shore
Whole flocks of sheep and ravish'd cattle bore.
Safely they might on other nations prey ;
Fools to provoke the sov'reign of the sea !
Mad Cacus so, whom like ill fate persuades,
The herd of fair Alcmena's feed invades ;
Who for revenge, and mortals glad relief,
Sack'd the dark cave, and crush'd that horrid thief.

Morocco's monarch, wondring at this fact,
Save that his presence his affairs exact,
Had come in person, to have seen and known
The injur'd world's revenger, and his own.

Hither he sends the chief among his peers,
 Who in his bark proportion'd presents bears,
 To the renown'd for piety and force,
 Poor captives manumiss'd, and matchless horse,

Upon his MAJESTY'S repairing of St PAUL'S.

THAT shipwreck'd vessel, which th' Apostle bore,
 Scarce suffer'd more upon Melita's shore,
 Than did his temple in the sea of time;
 Our nation's glory, and our nation's crime.
 When the * first monarch of this happy isle,
 Mov'd with the ruin of so brave a pile,
 This work of cost and piety begun,
 To be accomplish'd by his glorious son:
 Who all that came within the ample thought
 Of his wise sire has to perfection brought.
 He, like Amphion, makes those quarries leap
 Into fair figures, from a confus'd heap:
 For in his art of regiment is found
 A pow'r, like that of harmony in sound.

Those antique minstrels sure were Charles-like kings,
 Cities their lutes, and subjects hearts their strings;
 On which with so divine a hand they strook,
 Consent of motion from their breath they took:
 So, all our minds with his conspire to grace
 The Gentiles' great Apostle; and deface
 Those state-obscuring shades, that like a chain
 Seem'd to confine, and fetter him again:

* K. James I.

Which the glad faint shakes off at his command,
As once the viper from his sacred hand.
So joys the aged oak, when we divide
The creeping ivy from his injur'd side.
Ambition rather would affect the fame
Of some new structure, to have borne her name :
Two distant virtues in one act we find,
The modesty, and greatness of his mind :
Which not content to be above the rage,
And injury of all-impairing age,
In its own worth secure, doth higher climb,
And things half swallow'd from the jaws of time
Reduce : An earnest of his grand design,
To frame no new church, but the old refine :
Which, spouse-like, may with comely grace command,
More than by force of argument, or hand.
For, doubtful reason few can apprehend ;
And war brings ruin, where it shou'd amend :
But beauty, with a bloodless conquest, finds
A welcome sov'reignty in rudest minds.

Not ought, which Sheba's wond'ring queen beheld
Amongst the works of Solomon, excell'd
His ships, and building ; emblems of a heart
Large both in magnanimity, and art.
While the propitious heav'ns this work attend,
Long-wanted showers they forget to send :
As if they meant to make it understood
Of more importance, than our vital food.
The sun, which riseth to salute the quire
Already finish'd, setting shall admire
How private bounty cou'd so far extend :
The king built all ; but Charles the western end.

So proud a fabric to devotion giv'n,
At once it threatens, and obliges, heav'n!

Laomedon that had the gods in pay,
Neptune, with him * that rules the sacred day,
Cou'd no such structure raise: 'Troy wall'd so high,
Th' Atrides might as well have forc'd the sky.

Glad, though amazed, are our neighbour kings,
To see such pow'r employ'd in peaceful things:
They list not urge it to the dreadful field;
The task is easier to destroy, than build.

* * * *Sic gratia Regum*

Pieriis tentata modis. * * * HORAT.

To the QUEEN, occasion'd upon sight of
Her MAJESTY'S Picture.

WELL fare the hand! which to our humble sight
Presents that beauty, which the dazzling light
Of royal splendor hides from weaker eyes:
And all access, save by this art, denies.
Here only we have courage to behold
This beam of glory; here we dare unfold
In numbers thus the wonders we conceive:
The gracious image, seeming to give leave,
Propitious stands, vouchsafing to be seen;
And by our Muse saluted, Mighty Queen:
In whom th' extremes of pow'r and beauty move,
The Queen of Britain, and the Queen of Love!

* Apollo.

As the bright sun (to which we owe no light
Of equal glory to your beauty's light)
Is wisely plac'd in so sublime a feat,
'T' extend his light, and moderate his heat :
So, happy 'tis you move in such a sphere,
As your high Majesty with awful fear
In human breasts might qualify that fire,
Which kindled by those eyes had flamed higher,
'Than when the scorched world like hazard run,
By the approach of the ill-guided sun.

No other nymphs have title to men's hearts,
But as their meanness larger hope imparts :
Your beauty more the fondest lover moves
With admiration, than his private loves ;
With admiration ! for a pitch so high
(Save sacred Charles his) never love durst fly.
Heav'n, that prefer'd a sceptre to your hand,
Favour'd our freedom more than your command :
Beauty had crown'd you, and you must have been
The whole world's mistress, other than a Queen.
All had been rivals, and you might have spar'd,
Or kill'd, and tyranniz'd, without a guard.
No pow'r atchiev'd, either by arms or birth,
Equals love's empire, both in heav'n and earth :
Such eyes as yours on Jove himself have thrown
As bright, and fierce a lightning, as his own :
Witness our Jove, prevented by their flame
In his swift passage to th' Hesperian Dame :
When, like a lion, finding, in his way
To some intended spoil, a fairer prey ;
The royal youth, pursuing the report
Of beauty, found it in the Gallic court :

There public care with private passion fought
A doubtful combat in his noble thought :
Should he confess his greatness, and his love,
And the free faith of your * great brother prove ;
With his † Achates, breaking through the cloud
Of that disguise which did their graces shroud ;
And mixing with those gallants at the ball,
Dance with the ladies, and outshine them all ?
Or on his journey o'er the mountains ride ?-----
So, when the fair Leucothoe he espy'd,
To check his steeds impatient Phoebus earn'd,
Though all the world was in his course concern'd.
What may hereafter her meridian do,
Whose dawning beauty warm'd his bosom so ?
Not so divine a flame, since deathless gods
Forbore to visit the desil'd abodes
Of men, in any mortal breast did burn ;
Nor shall, 'till piety and they return.

Of the QUEEN.

THE lark, that shuns on lofty boughs to build
Her humble nest, lies silent in the field :
But if (the promise of a cloudless day)
Aurora smiling bids her rise, and play :
Then straight she shews, 'twas not for want of voice,
Or pow'r to climb, she made so low a choice :

* Lewis XIII. K. of France.

† D. of Buckingham.

Singing she mounts, her airy wings are stretch'd
Tow'rds heav'n, as if from heav'n her note she fetch'd.
So we, retiring from the busy throng,
Use to restrain th' ambition of our song;
But since the light, which now informs our age,
Breaks from the court, indulgent to her rage;
Thither my Muse, like bold Prometheus, flies,
To light her torch at Gloriana's eyes.

Those sov'reign beams, which heal the wounded soul,
And all our cares, but once beheld, controul!
There the poor lover, that has long indur'd
Some proud nymph's scorn, of his fond passion cur'd,
Fares like the man, who first upon the ground
A glow-worm spy'd; supposing he had found
A moving diamond, a breathing stone;
For life it had, and like those jewels shone;
He held it dear, 'till, by the springing day
Inform'd, he threw the worthless worm away.

She saves the lover, as we gangrenes stay,
By cutting hope, like a lop'd limb, away:
This makes her bleeding patients to accuse
High heav'n, and these expostulations use.
" Cou'd nature then no private woman grace,
" Whom we might dare to love, with such a face,
" Such a complexion, and so radiant eyes,
" Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies?
" Beyond our reach, and yet within our sight,
" What envious pow'r has plac'd this glorious light?

Thus, in a starry night, fond children cry
For the rich spangles that adorn the sky;
Which, tho' they shine for ever fixed there,
With light and influence relieve us here.

All her affections are to one inclin'd ;
 Her bounty and compassion, to mankind :
 To whom while she so far extends her grace,
 She makes but good the promise of her face :
 For mercy has, cou'd mercy's self be seen,
 No sweeter look than this propitious Queen.
 Such guard, and comfort, the distressed find
 From her large pow'r, and from her larger mind,
 That whom ill fate wou'd ruin, it prefers ;
 For all the miserable are made hers.
 So the fair tree, whereon the eagle builds,
 Poor sheep from tempests, and their shepherds, shields :
 The royal bird possesses all the boughs,
 But shade, and shelter, to the flock allows.

Joy of our age, and safety of the next !
 For which so oft thy fertile womb is vext ;
 Nobly contented, for the public good,
 To waste thy spirits, and diffuse thy blood :
 What vast hopes may these islands entertain,
 Where monarchs, thus descended, are to reign ?
 Led by commanders of so fair a line,
 Our seas no longer shall our pow'r confine.

A brave romance who wou'd exactly frame,
 First brings his knight from some immortal dame :
 And then a weapon, and a flaming shield,
 Bright as his mother's eyes, he makes him wield :
 None might the mother of Achilles be,
 But the * fair pearl, and glory of the sea :
 The man † to whom great Maro gives such fame,
 From the high bed of heavn'ly Venus came :

* Thetis.

† Æneas.

And our next Charles, whom all the stars design
Like wonders to accomplish, springs from thine.

The APOLOGY of SLEEP,

For not approaching the Lady, who can do any thing
but sleep when she pleaseth.

MY charge it is those breaches to repair,
Which nature takes from sorrow, toil, and care :
Rest to the limbs, and quiet I confer
On troubled minds ; but nought can add to her,
Whom heav'n, and her transcendent thoughts, have
Above those ills, which wretched mortals taste. [plac'd

Bright as the deathless gods, and happy, she
From all that may infringe delight is free ;
Love at her royal feet his quiver lays,
And not his mother with more haste obeys.
Such real pleasures, such true joys suspense,
What dream can I present to recompense ?

Shou'd I with lightning fill her awful hand,
And make the clouds seem all at her command ;
Or place her in Olympus' top, a guest
Among the immortals, who with nectar feast ;
That pow'r wou'd seem, that entertainment, short
Of the true splendor of her present court ;
Where all the joys, and all the glories, are
Of three great kingdoms sever'd from the care.
I, that of fumes and humid vapours made,
Ascending do the seat of sense invade,

No cloud in so serene a mansion find,
To over-cast her ever-shining mind :
Which holds resemblance with those spotless skies,
Where flowing Nilus want of rain supplies ;
That chrystal heav'n, where Phœbus never shrouds
His golden beams, nor wraps his face in clouds.
But what so hard which numbers cannot force ?
So stoops the moon, and rivers change their course.
The bold * Maæonian made me dare to steep
Jove's dreadful temples in the dew of sleep.
And since the Muses do invoke my pow'r,
I shall no more decline that sacred bow'r
Where Gloriana their great mistress lies :
But gently taming those victorious eyes,
Charm all her senses ; 'till the joyful sun
Without a rival half his course has run.
Who, while my hand that fairer light confines,
May boast himself the brightest thing that shines.

P U E R P E R I U M.

YOU Gods that have the pow'r
To trouble, and compose
All that's beneath your bow'r,
Calm silence on the seas, on earth, impose.

Fair Venus, in thy soft arms
The god of rage confine ;
For thy whispers are the charms
Which only can divert his fierce design.

* Homer.

What tho' he frown, and to tumult do incline ?

Thou the flame

Kindled in his breast can'st tame,

With that snow which unmelted lies on thine.

Great goddess, give this thy sacred island rest,

Make heav'n smile,

That no storm disturb us, while

Thy chief care, our Halcyon, builds her nest.

Great Gloriana ! fair Gloriana !

Bright as high heav'n is, and fertile as earth ;

Whose beauty relieves us,

Whose royal bed gives us

Both glory and peace ;

Our present joy, and all our hopes increase.

To the QUEEN-MOTHER of FRANCE, up-
on her Landing.

GREAT Queen of Europe ! where thy off-spring
wears

All the chief crowns ; where princes are thy heirs :

As welcome thou to sea-girt Britain's shore,

As erst Latona (who fair Cynthia bore)

To Delos was : Here shines a nymph as bright,

By thee disclos'd, with like increase of light.

Why was her joy in Belgia confin'd ?

Or why did you so much regard the wind ?

Scarce cou'd the ocean (tho' inrag'd) have tost
 Thy sov'reign bark, but where the obsequious coast
 Pays tribute to thy bed : Rome's conqu'ring hand
 More vanquish'd nations under her command
 Never reduc'd : Glad Berecynthia so
 Among her deathless progeny did go :
 A wreath of tow'rs adorn'd her rev'rend head,
 Mother of all that on ambrosia fed.
 Thy god-like race must sway the age to come ;
 As the Olympus peopled with her womb.

Wou'd those commanders of mankind obey
 Their honor'd parent ; all pretences lay
 Down at your royal feet ; compose their jars,
 And on the growing Turk discharge these wars :
 The Christian knights that sacred tomb shou'd wrest
 From Pagan hands, and triumph o'er the east :
 Our England's prince, and Gallia's Dauphin, might
 Like young Rinaldo, and Tancredi, fight :
 In single combat by their swords again
 The proud Argantes, and fierce Soldan, slain ;
 Again might we their valiant deeds recite,
 And with your * Tuscan Muse exalt the fight.

The COUNTRY, to my Lady of CARLISLE.

M A D A M, of all the sacred Muse inspir'd,
 Orpheus alone could with the woods comply ;
 Their rude inhabitants his song admir'd,
 And Nature's self, in those that could not lye ;

Your beauty next our solitude invades,
And warms us shining through the thickest shades.

Nor ought the tribute, which the wondring court,
Pays your fair eyes, prevail with you to scorn
The answer, and consent, to that report,

Which, echo-like, the country does return :
Mirrors are taught to flatter, but our springs
Present th'impartial images of things.

A † rural judge dispos'd of beauty's prize ;
A simple shepherd was preferr'd to Jove :
Down to the mountains from the partial skies,
Came Juno, Pallas, and the queen of Love,
To plead for that, which was so justly giv'n
To the bright Carlisle of the court of heav'n.

Carlisle ! a name which all our woods are taught,
Loud as their Amaryllis, to resound :

Carlisle ! a name which on the bark is wrought
Of ev'ry tree, that's worthy of the wound :

From Phoebus' rage our shadows, and our streams,
May guard us better than from Carlisle's beams.

The Countess of CARLISLE in mourning.

WHEN from black clouds no part of sky is clear,
But just so much as lets the sun appear ;
Heav'n then would seem thy image, and reflect
Those sable vestments, and that bright aspect.

† Paris.

A spark of virtue by the deepest shade
Of sad adversity is fairer made ;
Nor less advantage doth thy beauty get :
A Venus rising from a sea of jet !
Such was th' appearance of new-formed light,
While yet it struggled with eternal night.
Then mourn no more, lest thou admit increase
Of glory, by thy noble Lord's decease.
We find not that the * laughter-loving dame
Mourn'd for Anchises ; 'twas enough she came
To grace the mortal with her deathless bed,
And that his living eyes such beauty fed ;
Had she been there, untimely joy through all
Mens hearts diffus'd, had marr'd the funeral.
Those eyes were made to banish grief ; as well
Bright Phoebus might affect in shades to dwell,
As they to put on sorrow : Nothing stands,
But pow'r to grieve, exempt from thy commands.
If thou lament, thou must do so alone ;
Grief in thy presence can lay hold of none.
Yet still persist the memory to love
Of that great Mercury of our mighty Jove ;
Who, by the pow'r of his enchanting tongue,
Swords from the hands of threatening monarchs wrung.
War he prevented, or soon made it cease ;
Instructing princes in the arts of peace ;
Such as made Sheba's curious queen resort
To the † large-hearted Hebrew's famous court.
Had Homer sat amongst his wondring guests,
He might have learn'd at those stupendous feasts,
With greater bounty and more sacred state,
The banquets of the gods to celebrate.

* Venus.

† Solomon.

But oh! what elocution might he use,
 What potent charms, that could so soon infuse
 His absent master's love into the heart
 Of Henrietta! forcing her to part
 From her lov'd brother, country, and the sun;
 And, like Camilla, o'er the waves to run
 Into his arms: While the Parisian dames
 Mourn for their ravish'd glory; at her flames
 No less amaz'd, than the amazed stars,
 When the bold charmer of Thessalia wars
 With heav'n itself; and numbers does repeat,
 Which call descending Cynthia from her seat.

In Answer to one who wrote a Libel against
 the Countess of CARLISLE.

WHAT fury has provok'd thy wit to dare,
 With Diomede, to wound the Queen of Love?
 Thy mistress' envy, or thine own despair?

Not the just Pallas in thy breast did move
 So blind a rage, with such a diff'rent fate:
 He honour won, where thou hast purchas'd hate.

She gave assistance to his Trojan foe;

Thou, that without a rival thou may'st love,
 Dost to the beauty of this lady owe;

While after her the gazing world does move.
 Canst thou not be content to love alone?
 Or, is thy mistress not content with one?

Hast thou not read of Fairy Arthur's shield,
Which, but disclos'd, amaz'd the weaker eyes
Of proudest foes, and won the doubtful field?

So shall thy rebel wit become her prize.
Should thy lambics swell into a book,
All were confuted with one radiant look.

Heav'n he oblig'd that plac'd her in the skies;

Rewarding Phoebus, for inspiring so
His noble brain, by likening to those eyes

His joyful beams : But Phoebus is thy foe;
And neither aids thy fancy, nor thy sight;
So ill thou rhym'st against so fair a light.

Of her CHAMBER.

THEY taste of death that do at heav'n arrive;

But we this paradise approach alive.
Instead of Death, the dart of Love does strike;

And renders all within these walls alike :

The high in titles, and the shepherd, here

Forgets his greatness, and forgets his fear;

All stand amaz'd, and gazing on the fair,

Lose thought of what themselves or others are;

Ambition lose; and have no other scope,

Save Carlisle's favour, to employ their hope.

The * Thracian could (tho' all those tales were true

The bold Greeks tell) no greater wonders do :

* Orpheus.

Before his feet so sheep and lions lay,
 Fearless, and wrathless, while they heard him play.
 The gay, the wise, the gallant, and the grave,
 Subdu'd alike, all but one passion have :
 No worthy mind, but finds in hers there is
 Something proportion'd to the rule of his :
 While she with chearful, but impartial grace,
 (Born for no one, but to delight the race
 Of men) like Phoebus, so divides her light,
 And warms us, that she stoops not from her height.

TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS, 'twas love that injur'd you,
 And on that rock your Thyrsis threw;
 Who for proud Caelia could have dy'd,
 While you no less accus'd his pride.

Fond Love his darts at random throws,
 And nothing springs from what he sows :
 From foes discharg'd, as often met
 The shining points of arrows fleet,
 In the wide air creating fire ;
 As souls that join in one desire.

Love made the lovely Venus burn
 In vain, and for the † cold youth mourn,
 Who the pursuit of churlish beasts
 Preferr'd to sleeping on her breasts.

Love makes so many hearts the prize
 Of the bright Carlisle's conqu'ring eyes;

† Adonis.

Which she regards no more, than they
The tears of lesser beauties weigh.
So have I seen the lost clouds pour
Into the sea a useless show'r;
And the vex'd sailors curse the rain,
For which poor shepherds pray'd in vain.

Then, Phyllis, since our passions are
Govern'd by chance; and not the care,
But sport of heav'n, which takes delight
To look upon this Parthian fight
Of Love, still flying, or in chase,
Never encount'ring face to face;
No more to Love we'll sacrifice,
But to the best of deities :
And let our hearts, which Love disjoin'd,
By this kind mother be combin'd.

To my Lord of NORTHUMBERLAND, upon
the Death of his Lady.

TO this great loss a sea of tears is due;
But the whole debt not to be paid by you.
Charge not yourself with all, nor render vain
Those show'rs, the eyes of us your servants rain.
Shall grief contract the largeness of that heart,
In which nor fear, nor anger, has a part?
Virtue wou'd blush, if time should boast (which dries,
Her sole child dead, the tender mother's eyes)
Your mind's relief; where reason triumphs so
Over all passions, that they ne'er cou'd grow

Beyond their limits in your noble breast,
To harm another, or impeach your rest.
This we observ'd, delighting to obey
One who did never from his great self stray :
Whose mild example seemed to engage
Th' obsequious seas, and teach them not to rage.

The brave Æmilius, his great charge laid down,
(The force of Rome, and fate of Macedon)
In his lost sons did feel the cruel stroke
Of changing fortune; and thus highly spoke
Before Rome's people : " We did oft implore,
" That if the heav'ns had any bad in store
" For your Æmilius, they wou'd pour that ill
" On his own house, and let you flourish still."
You on the barren seas, my Lord, have spent
Whole springs; and summers to the public lent :
Suspended all the pleasures of your life,
And shorten'd the short joy of such a wife :
For which your country's more obliged, than,
For many lives of old, less-happy, men.
You, that have sacrific'd so great a part
Of youth, and private blifs, ought to impart
Your sorrow too; and give your friends a right
As well in your affliction, as delight.
Then with Æmilian courage bear this cross,
Since public persons only public loss
Ought to affect. And though her form, and youth,
Her application to your will, and truth ;
That noble sweetness, and that humble state,
(All snatch'd away by such a hasty fate!)
Might give excuse to any common breast,
With the huge weight of so just grief oppress'd :

Yet let no portion of your life be stain'd
 With passion, but your character maintain'd
 To the last act : It is enough her stone
 May honour'd be with superscription
 Of the sole lady, who had pow'r to move
 The great Northumberland to grieve, and love.

To my LORD ADMIRAL, of his late Sicknefs
 and Recovery.

WITH joy like ours the Thracian youth invades
 Orpheus, returning from th' Elysian shades;
 Embrace the hero, and his stay implore;
 Make it their public suit, he would no more
 Desert them so; and for his spouse's sake,
 His vanish'd love, tempt the Lethean lake:
 The ladies too, the brightest of that time,
 (Ambitious all his lofty bed to climb)
 Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed,
 Who shall the fair Eurydice succeed:
 Eurydice! for whom his num'rous moan
 Makes list'ning tees, and savage mountains groan:
 Through all the air his sounding strings dilate
 Sorrow, like that which touch'd our hearts of late.
 Your pining sickness, and your restless pain,
 At once the land affecting, and the main:
 When the glad news that you were Admiral
 Scarce through the nation spread, 'twas fear'd by all
 That our great Charles, whose wisdom shines in you,
 Would be perplexed how to chuse a new.

So more than private was the joy, and grief,
That at the worst it gave our souls relief,
That in our age such sense of virtue liv'd;
They joy'd so justly, and so justly griev'd.
Nature (her fairest lights eclipsed,) seems
Herself to suffer in those sharp extremes:
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
But from those cheeks which all the world admires.
The stem thus threaten'd, and the sap in thee,
Droop all the branches of that noble tree!
Their beauty they, and we our loves suspend,
Nought can our wishes, save thy health, intend.
As lilies over-charg'd with rain, they bend
Their beauteous heads, and with high heav'n contend:
Fold thee within their snowy arms, and cry
He is too faultless, and too young, to die.
So like immortals, round about thee they
Sit, that they fright approaching death away.
Who would not languish, by so fair a train
To be lamented, and restor'd again?
Or thus with-held, what hasty soul would go,
Though to the blest? O'er young Adonis so
Fair Venus mourn'd, and with the precious show'r
Of her warm tears cherish'd the springing flow'r.

The next support, fair hope of your great name,
And second pillar of that noble frame,
By loss of thee would no advantage have,
But step by step pursue thee to thy grave.

And now, relentless Fate about to end
The line, which backward does so far extend
That antique stock, which still the world supplies
With bravest spirits, and with brightest eyes;

Kind Phoebus interposing, bid me say
 Such storms no more shall shake that house; but they
 Like Neptune, and his * sea-born niece, shall be
 The shining glories of the land and sea:
 With courage guard, and beauty warm, our age;
 And lovers fill with like poetic rage.

S O N G.

STAY, Phoebus, stay!
 The world to which you fly so fast,
 Conveying day
 From us to them, can pay your haste
 With no such object, nor salute your rise
 With no such wonder, as De Mornay's eyes.

Well does this prove
 The error of those antique books,
 Which made you move
 About the world; her charming looks
 Would fix your beams, and make it ever day,
 Did not the rowling earth snatch her away.

On my Lady DOROTHY SIDNEY's Picture.

SUCH was Philoclea, and such † Dorus' flame!
 The matchless Sidney ‡, that immortal frame
 Of perfect beauty, on two pillars plac'd:
 Not his high fancy could one pattern, grac'd

* Venus. † Pamela. ‡ Sir Philip Sidney.

With such extremes of excellence, compose;
 Wonders so distant in one face disclose!
 Such chearful modesty, such humble state,
 Moves certain love; but with as doubtful fate,
 As when, beyond our greedy reach, we see
 Inviting fruit on too sublime a tree.
 All the rich flow'rs through his Arcadia found,
 Amaz'd we see in this one garland bound.
 Had but this copy, (which the artist took
 From the fair picture of that noble book)
 Stood at Kalander's, * the brave friends had jarr'd;
 And, rivals made, th' ensuing story marr'd.
 Just Nature first instructed by his thought,
 In his own house thus practis'd what he taught:
 This glorious piece transcends what he could think;
 So much his blood is nobler than his ink!

TO VANDYCK.

RARE Artisan, whose pencil moves
 Not our delights alone, but loves!
 From thy shop of beauty we
 Slaves return, that enter'd free.
 The heedless lover does not know
 Whose eyes they are that wound him so:
 But, confounded with thy art,
 Inquires her name that has his heart.
 Another, who did long refrain,
 Feels his old wound bleed fresh again,

* Pyrocles and Musidorus.

With dear remembrance of that face,
Where now he reads new hope of grace ;
Nor scorn, nor cruelty does find :
But gladly suffers a false wind
To blow the ashes of despair
From the reviving brand of care.
Fool! that forgets her stubborn look
This softness from thy finger took.
Strange! that thy hand should not inspire
The beauty only, but the fire :
Not the form alone, and grace,
But act, and power, of a face.
May'st thou yet thyself as well,
As all the world besides, excel !
So you th' unfeigned truth rehearse,
(That I may make it live in verse)
Why thou could'st not, at one assay,
That face to after-times convey,
Which this admires. Was it thy wit
To make her oft before thee sit ?
Confess, and we'll forgive thee this :
For who would not repeat that bliss ?
And frequent sight of such a dame
Buy, with the hazard of his fame ?
Yet who can tax thy blameless skill,
Though thy good hand had failed still ;
When Nature's self so often errs ?
She for this many thousand years
Seems to have practis'd with much care,
To frame the race of women fair ;
Yet never could a perfect birth
Produce before, to grace the earth ;

Which waxed old, e're it could see
Her that amaz'd thy art, and thee.

But now 'tis done, O let me know
Where those immortal colours grow,
That could this deathless piece compose?---
In lilies? or the fading rose?
No; for this theft thou hast climb'd high'r,
Than did Prometheus for his fire.

At P E N S - H U R S T.

HAD Dorothea liv'd when mortals made
Choice of their deities, this sacred shade
Had held an altar to her pow'r, that gave
The peace, and glory, which these alleys have :
Embroider'd so with flowers where she stood,
That it became a garden of a wood.
Her presence has such more than human grace,
That it can civilize the rudest place :
And beauty too, and order can impart,
Where nature ne'er intended it, nor art.
The plants acknowledge this, and her admire,
No less than those of old did Orpheus' lyre :
If she sit down, with tops all tow'rd's her bow'd,
They round about her into arbors crowd :
Or if she walk, in even ranks they stand,
Like some well-marshal'd and obsequious band.
Amphion so made stones and timber leap
Into fair figures, from a confus'd heap :

And in the symmetry' of her parts is found
A pow'r, like that of harmony in sound.

Ye lofty beeches, tell this matchless dame,
That if together ye fed all one flame,
It could not equalize the hundredth part,
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart !---
Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark
Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
Of noble Sidney's birth; when such benign,
Such more than mortal-making stars did shine;
That there they cannot but for ever prove
The monument, and pledge, of humble love:
His humble love, whose hope shall ne'er rise high'r,
Than for a pardon that he dares admire.

To my Lord of LEICESTER.

NOT that thy trees at Pens-hurst groan,
Oppressed with their timely load;
And seem to make their silent moan,
That their great Lord is now abroad:
They to delight his taste, or eye,
Would spend themselves in fruit, and die.
Not that thy harmless deer repine,
And think themselves unjustly slain
By any other hand than thine,
Whose arrows they would gladly stain:
No, nor thy friends, which hold too dear
That peace with France, which keeps thee there.

All these are less than that great cause,
Which now exacts your presence here ;
Wherein there meet the divers laws

Of public, and domestic, care.
For one bright nymph our youth contends,
And on your prudent choice depends.

Not the bright shield of * Thetis' son,
(For which such stern debate did rise,
That the great Ajax Telamon

Refus'd to live without the prize)
Those Archive peers did more engage,
Than she the gallants of our age.

That beam of beauty, which begun
To warm us so, when thou wert here,

Now scorches like the raging sun,
When Sirius does first appear.

O fix this flame ; and let despair
Redeem the rest from endless care !

Of the Lady who can sleep when she pleases.

NO wonder sleep from careful lovers flies,
To bathe himself in Sacharissa's eyes.
As fair Astraea once from earth to heav'n,
By strife, and loud impiety, was driv'n :
So with our plaints offended, and our tears,
Wise Somnus to that paradise repairs ;
Waits on her will, and wretches does forefake,

* Achilles.

To court the nymph, for whom those wretches wake.
 More proud than Phoebus of his throne of gold
 Is the soft god, those softer limbs to hold :
 Nor would exchange with Jove, to hide the skies
 In dark'ning clouds, the pow'r to close her eyes :
 Eyes, which so far all other lights controul,
 They warm our mortal parts, but these our soul !

Let her free spirit, whose unconquer'd breast
 Holds such deep quiet, and untroubled rest,
 Know, that tho' Venus and her son shou'd spare
 Her rebel heart, and never teach her care ;
 Yet Hymen may in force his vigils keep ;
 And, for another's joy, suspend her sleep.

Of the mis-report of her being painted.

AS when a sort of wolves infest the night,
 With their wild howlings at fair Cynthia's light ;
 The noise may chase sweet slumber from our eyes,
 But never reach the mistress of the skies :
 So with the news of Sacharissa's wrongs,
 Her vexed servants blame those envious tongues :
 Call Love to witness, that no painted fire
 Can scorch men so, or kindle such desire ;
 While, unconcerned, she seems mov'd no more
 With this new malice, than our loves before ;
 But, from the heighth of her great mind, looks down
 On both our passions, without smile or frown.
 So little care of what is done below
 Hath the bright dame, whom heav'n affecteth so !

Paints her, 'tis true, with the same hand which spreads
Like glorious colours thro' the flow'ry meads ;
When lavish nature with her best attire
Cloaths the gay spring, the season of desire :
Paints her, 'tis true, and does her cheek adorn,
With the same art wherewith she paints the morn :
With the same art, wherewith she gildeth so
Those painted clouds which form Thaumantia's' bow.

Of her passing through a Croud of People.

AS in old Chaos (heav'n with earth confus'd,
And stars with rocks together crush'd and bruis'd)
The sun his light no further could extend
Than the next hill, which on his shoulders lean'd ;
So in this throng bright Sacharissa far'd,
Oppress'd by those who strove to be her guard ;
As ships, tho' never so obsequious, fall
Foul in a tempest on their Admiral.
A greater favour this disorder brought
Unto her servants, than their awful thought
Durst entertain, when thus compell'd they prest
The yielding marble of her snowy breast.
While Love insults, disguised in the cloud,
And welcome force, of that unruly crowd.
So th' amorous tree, while yet the air is calm,
Just distance keeps from his desired Palm ;
But when the wind her ravish'd branches throws
Into his arms, and mingles all their boughs ;
Tho' loth he seems her tender leaves to press,

More loth he is that friendly storm should cease
 From whose rude bounty he the double use
 At once receives, of pleasure, and excuse.

The Story of Phoebus and Daphne apply'd.

THYRSIS, a youth of the inspired train,
 Fair Sacharissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain :
 Like Phoebus sung the no less amorous boy ;
 Like Daphne she, as lovely, and as coy !
 With numbers he the flying nymph pursues ;
 With numbers such as Phoebus' self might use !
 Such is the chase, when love and fancy leads
 O'er craggy mountains, and thro' flow'ry meads ;
 Invok'd to testify the lover's care,
 Or form some image of his cruel fair.
 Urg'd with his fury, like a wounded deer,
 O'er these he fled ; and now approaching near,
 Had reach'd the nymph with his harmonious lay,
 Whom all his charms could not incline to stay.
 Yet, what he sung in his immortal strain,
 Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain ;
 All, but the nymph that should redress his wrong,
 Attend his passion, and approve his song.
 Like Phoebus thus, acquiring unfought praise,
 He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

Fabula PHOEBI et DAPHNES.

Arcadiae juvenis Thyrsis, Phoebique sacerdos,
 Ingenti frustra Sacharissae ardebat amore.
 Haud deus ipse olim Daphni majora canebat ;
 Nec fuit asperior Daphne, nec pulchrior illa :
 Carminibus Phoebus dignis premit ille fugacem
 Per rupes, per saxa volans, per florida, vates,
 Pascua : Formosam nunc his componere nympham,
 Nunc illis, crudelem, infana mente solebat.
 Audiit illa procul miserum, citharamque sonantem ;
 Audiit, at nullis respexit mota querelis !
 Ne tamen omnino caneret desertus, ad alta
 Sidera perculsi referunt nova carmina montes.
 Sic, non quaesitis cumulatus laudibus, olim
 Elapfa reperit Daphne sua laurea Phoebus.

S O N G.

SAY, lovely dream ! where couldst thou find
 Shades to counterfeit that face ?
 Colours of this glorious kind
 Come not from any mortal place.
 In heav'n itself thou sure wer't drest
 With that angel-like disguise :
 Thus deluded am I blest,
 And see my joy with closed eyes.

But ah! this image is too kind
 To be other than a dream :
 Cruel Sacharissa's mind
 Ne'er put on that sweet extreme!

Fair dream! if thou intend'st me grace,
 Change that heav'nly face of thine;
 Paint despis'd love in thy face,
 And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meagre let it look,
 With a pity-moving shape;
 Such as wander by the brook
 Of Lethe, or from graves escape.

Then to the matchless nymph appear,
 In whose shape thou shinest so;
 Softly in her sleeping ear,
 With humble words express my woe.

Perhaps from greatness, state, and pride,
 Thus surpris'd she may fall :
 Sleep does disproportion hide,
 And, death resembling, equals all.

TO MRS BRAUGHTON, Servant to
 SACHARISSA.

FAIR fellow-servant! may your gentle ear
 Prove more propitious to my slighted care,
 Than the bright dame's we serve: For her relief
 (Vex'd with the long expressions of my grief)

Receive these complaints : Nor will her high disdain
Forbid my humble Muse to court her train.

So, in those nations which the sun adore,
Some modest Persian, or some weak-ey'd moor,
No higher dares advance his dazled sight,
Than to some gilded cloud, which near the light
Of their ascending god adorns the east,
And, graced with his beams, out-shines the rest.

Thy skilful hand contributes to our woe,
And whets those arrows which confound us so.
A thousand Cupids in those curls do sit,
(Those curious nets!) thy slender fingers knit :
The Graces put not more exactly on
Th' attire of Venus, when the ball she won ;
Than Sacharissa by thy care is dress'd,
When all our youth prefers her to the rest.

You the soft season know, when best her mind
May be to pity, or to love, inclin'd :
In some well-chosen hour supply his fear,
Whose hopeless love durst never tempt the ear
Of that stern goddess : You, her priest, declare
What off'rings may propitiate the fair :
Rich orient pearl, bright stones that ne'er decay,
Or polish'd lines, which longer last than they.
For if I thought she took delight in those,
To where the chearful morn does first disclose,
(The shady night removing with her beams)
Wing'd with bold love, I'd fly to fetch such gems.
But since her eyes, her teeth, her lip excels
All that is found in mines or fishes' shells ;
Her nobler part as far exceeding these,
None but immortal gifts her mind should please.

The shining jewels Greece, and Troy, bestow'd
 On * Sparta's queen, her lovely neck did load,
 And snowy wrists : But when the town was burn'd,
 Those fading glories were to ashes turn'd :
 Her beauty too had perish'd, and her fame,
 Had not the Muse redeem'd them from the flame.

At P E N S - H U R S T.

W HILE in this park I sing, the list'ning deer
 Attend my passion, and forget to fear :
 When to the beeches I report my flame,
 They bow their heads, as if they felt the same :
 To gods appealing when I reach their bow'rs
 With loud complaints, they answer me in show'rs.
 To thee a wild and cruel soul is giv'n,
 More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heav'n.
 Love's foe profess'd ! why dost thou falsely feign
 Thyself a Sidney ? from which noble strain
 † He sprung, that could so far exalt the name
 Of love, and warm our nation with his flame ;
 That all we can of love, or high desire,
 Seems but the smoke of amorous Sidney's fire.
 Nor call her mother, who so well does prove
 One breast may hold both chastity and love.
 Never can she, that so exceeds the spring
 In joy, and bounty, be suppos'd to bring
 One so destructive : To no human stock
 We owe this fierce unkindness : But the rock,

* Helen, † Sir Philip Sidney.

That cloven rock produc'd thee, by whose side
Nature, to recompense the fatal pride
Of such stern beauty, plac'd those * healing springs;
Which not more help, than that destruction brings.
'Thy heart no ruder than the rugged stone,
I might, like Orpheus, with my num'rous moan
Melt to compassion: Now, my trait'rous song
With thee conspires, to do the singer wrong:
While thus I suffer not myself to lose
The memory of what augments my woes:
But with my own breath still foment the fire,
Which flames as high as fancy can aspire!

This last complaint th' indulgent ears did pierce
Of just Apollo, president of verse;
Highly concerned that the Muse should bring
Damage to one whom he had taught to sing;
Thus he advis'd me: "On yon aged tree
" Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the sea;
" That there with wonders thy diverted mind
" Some truce, at least, may with this passion find."
Ah cruel nymph! from whom her humble swain
Flies for relief unto the raging main;
And from the winds, and tempests, does expect
A milder fate, than from her cold neglect!
Yet there he'll pray, that the unkind may prove
Bless'd in her choice; and vows this endless love
Springs from no hope of what she can confer,
But from those gifts which heav'n has heap'd on her.

* Tunbridge Wells.

To my young Lady Lucy SIDNEY.

WHY came I so untimely forth
Into a world, which, wanting thee,
Could entertain us with no worth,
Or shadow of felicity?
That time should me so far remove
From that which I was born to love!

Yet, fairest blossom! do not flight
That age which you may know so soon:
The rosy morn resigns her light,
And milder glory, to the noon:
And then what wonders shall you do,
Whose dawning beauty warms us so?

Hope waits upon the flow'ry prime;
And summer, though it be less gay,
Yet is not look'd on as a time
Of declination, or decay:
For, with a full hand, that does bring
All that was promis'd by the spring.

To AMORET.

FAIR! that you may truly know
What you unto Thyrsis owe;
I will tell you how I do
Sacharissa love, and you.

Joy salutes me, when I set
My blest'd eyes on Amoret :
But with wonder I am strook,
While I on the other look.

If sweet Amoret complains,
I have sense of all her pains :
But for Sacharissa I
Do not only grieve, but die.

All that of myself is mine,
Lovely Amoret ! is thine,
Sacharissa's captive fain
Would untie his iron chain ;
And, those scorching beams to shun,
To thy gentle shadow run.

If the soul had free election
To dispose of her affection ;
I would not thus long have borne
Haughty Sacharissa's scorn :
But 'tis sure some pow'r above,
Which controuls our wills in love !

If not love, a strong desire
To create and spread that fire
In my breast, solicites me,
Beauteous Amoret ! for thee.

'Tis amazement more than love,
Which her radiant eyes do move :
If less splendor wait on thine,
Yet they so benignly shine,
I would turn my dazl'd sight
To behold their milder light.
But as hard 'tis to destroy
That high flame, as to enjoy :

Which how eas'ly I may do,
Heav'n (as eas'ly scal'd) does know!

Amoret! as sweet and good
As the most delicious food,
Which, but tasted, does impart
Life and gladness to the heart.

Sacharissa's beauty's wine,
Which to madness doth incline:
Such a liquor, as no brain
That is mortal can sustain.

Scarce can I to heav'n excuse
The devotion, which I use
Unto that adored dame:
For 'tis not unlike the same,
Which I thither ought to send.
So that if it could take end,
'Twould to heav'n itself be due
To succeed her, and not you;
Who already have of me
All that's not idolatry;
Which, though not so fierce a flame,
Is longer like to be the same.

Then smile on me, and I will prove,
Wonder is shorter-liv'd than love.

On the Friendship betwixt SACHARISSA
and AMORET.

TELL me, lovely loving pair!
Why so kind, and so severe!
Why so careless of our care,
Only to yourselves so dear?

By this cunning change of hearts,
 You the pow'r of love controul;
 While the boy's deluded darts
 Can arrive at neither soul.

For in vain to either breast
 Still beguiled love does come;
 Where he finds a foreign guest;
 Neither of your hearts at home.

Debtors thus with like design,
 When they never mean to pay,
 That they may the law decline,
 To some friend make all away.

Not the silver doves that fly,
 Yok'd in Cytherea's car;
 Not the wings that lift so high,
 And convey her son so far;

Are so lovely, sweet, and fair,
 Or do more ennoble love;
 Are so choicely match'd a pair,
 Or with more consent do move.

TO A M O R E T.

A M O R E T, the Milky Way,
 Fram'd of many nameless stars!
 The smooth stream, where none can say,
 He this drop to that prefers!

Amoret, my lovely foe !

Tell me where thy strength doth lye ?
Where the pow'r that charms us so ?
In thy soul, or in thy eye ?

By that snowy neck alone,
Or thy grace in motion seen,
No such wonders cou'd be done :
Yet thy waist is straight, and clean,
As Cupid's shaft, or Hermes' rod ;
And pow'rful too, as either God.

A L A M A L A D E.

A H lovely Amoret, the care
Of all that know what's good, or fair !
Is heav'n become our rival too ?

Had the rich gifts, conferr'd on you
So amply thence, the common end
Of giving lovers,----to pretend ?

Hence, to this pining sickness (meant
To weary thee to a consent
Of leaving us,) no pow'r is giv'n
Thy beauties to impair ; for heav'n
Sollicits thee with such a care,
As roses from their stalks we tear ;
When we would still preserve them new,
And fresh, as on the bush they grew.

With such a grace you entertain,
And look with such contempt on pain,

That languishing you conquer more,
 And wound us deeper than before.
 So lightnings which in storms appear,
 Scorch more than when the skies are clear.

And as pale sickness does invade
 Your frailer part, the breaches made
 In that fair lodging, still more clear
 Make the bright guest, your soul, appear.
 So nymphs o'er pathless mountains born,
 Their light robes by the brambles torn
 From their fair limbs, exposing new
 And unknown beauties to the view
 Of following gods, increase their flame,
 And haste, to catch the flying game.

Upon the Death of my Lady Rich.

MAY those already curst Essexian plains,
 Where hasty death, and pining sickness, reigns,
 Prove all a desert ! and none there make stay,
 But savage beasts, or men as wild as they !
 There the fair light, which all our island grac'd,
 Like Hero's taper in the window plac'd,
 Such fate from the malignant air did find,
 As that expos'd to the boist'rous wind.

Ah cruel heav'n ! to snatch so soon away
 Her, for whose life had we had time to pray,
 With thousand vows, and tears, we should have fought
 That sad decree's suspension to have wrought.

But we, alas, no whisper of her pain
 Heard, 'till 'twas sin to wish her here again.
 That horrid word at once, like lightning spread,
 Strook all our ears,-----the Lady Rich is dead!
 Heart-rending news! and dreadful to those few
 Who her resemble, and her steps pursue:
 That death should license have to rage among
 The fair, the wise, the virtuous, and the young!

The * Paphian Queen from that fierce battle born,
 With goared hand, and veil so rudely torn,
 Like terror did among th' immortals breed;
 Taught by her wound that goddesses may bleed.

All stand amazed! but beyond the rest
 Th' † heroic dame whose happy womb she blest,
 Mov'd with just grief, expostulates with heav'n;
 Urging the promise to th' obsequious giv'n,
 Of longer life; for ne'er was pious soul
 More apt t' obey, more worthy to controul.
 A skilful eye at once might read the race
 Of Caledonian monarchs in her face,
 And sweet humility; her look and mind
 At once were lofty, and at once were kind.
 There dwelt the scorn of vice, and pity too,
 For those that did what she disdain'd to do:
 So gentle and severe, that what was bad
 At once her hatred and her pardon had.
 Gracious to all; but where her love was due,
 So fast, so faithful, loyal, and so true,
 That a bold hand as soon might hope to force
 The rowling lights of heav'n, as change her course.

* Venus. † Christian Countess of Devonshire.

Some happy Angel, that beholds her there,
Instruct us to record what she was here !
And when this cloud of sorrow's over-blown,
Through the wide world we'll make her graces known.
So fresh the wound is, and the grief so vast,
That all our art, and pow'r of speech, is waste.
Here passion sways, but there the Muse shall raise
Eternal monuments of louder praise.

There our delight complying with her fame,
Shall have occasion to recite thy name,
Fair Sacharissa !-----and now only fair !
To sacred friendship we'll an altar rear ;
(Such as the Romans did erect of old)
Where, on a marble pillar, shall be told
The lovely passion each to other bare,
With the resemblance of that matchless pair.
Narcissus to the thing for which he pin'd
Was not more like, than yours to her fair mind :
Save that she grac'd the sev'ral parts of life,
A spotless virgin, and a faultless wife :
Such was the sweet converse 'twixt her and you,
As that she holds with her associates now.

How false is hope, and how regardless fate,
That such a love should have so short a date !
Lately I saw her sighing part from thee ;
(Alas that That the last farewell should be !)
So look'd Astraea, her remove design'd,
On those distressed friends she left behind.
Consent in virtue knit your hearts so fast,
That still the knot, in spite of death, does last :
For, as your tears, and sorrow-wounded soul,
Prove well that on your part this bond is whole :

So, all we know of what they do above,
 Is, that they happy are, and that they love.
 Let dark oblivion, and the hollow grave,
 Content themselves our frailer thoughts to have :
 Well chosen love is never taught to die,
 But with our nobler part invades the sky.
 Then grieve no more, that one so heav'nly shap'd
 The crooked hand of trembling age escap'd.
 Rather, since we beheld her not decay,
 But that she vanish'd so entire away,
 Her wond'rous beauty, and her goodness, merit
 We should suppose that some propitious spirit
 In that celestial form frequented here ;
 And is not dead, but ceases to appear.

The Battle of the SUMMER-ISLANDS.

C A N T O I.

*What fruits they have, and how heav'n smiles
 Upon those late-discover'd isles.*

A I D me, Bellona! while the dreadful fight
 Betwixt a nation, and two whales, I write :
 Seas stain'd with goar I sing, advent'rous toil !
 And how these monsters did disarm an isle.

Bermuda wall'd with rocks who does not know ?
 That happy island! where huge lemons grow ;
 And orange trees, which golden fruit do bear :
 Th' Hesperian garden boasts of none so fair :

Where shining pearl, coral, and many a pound,
On the rich shore, of ambergris is found.
The lofty cedar, which to heav'n aspires,
The prince of trees ! is fewel for their fires :
The smoke, by which their loaded spits do turn,
For incense might on sacred altars burn :
Their private roofs on od'rous timber born,
Such as might palaces for kings adorn.
The sweet palmitoes a new Bacchus yield,
With leaves as ample as the broadest shield :
Under the shadow of whose friendly boughs
They sit, carowing where their liquor grows.
Figs there unplanted thro' the fields do grow,
Such as fierce Cato did the Romans show ;
With the rare fruit inviting them to spoil
Carthage, the mistress of so rich a soil.
The naked rocks are not unfruitful there,
But, at some constant seasons ev'ry year,
Their barren tops with luscious food abound ;
And with the eggs of various fowls are crown'd.
Tobacco is the worst of things, which they
To English landlords, as their tribute, pay.
Such is the mould, that the blest tenant feeds
On precious fruits, and pays his rent in weeds.
With candy'd plantains, and the juicy pine,
On choicest melons, and sweet grapes, they dine :
And with potatoes fat their wanton swine.
Nature these cates with such a lavish hand
Pours out among them, that our coarser land
Tastes of that bounty ; and does cloth return,
Which not for warmth, but ornament, is worn :
For the kind spring, which but salutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year :

Ripe fruits, and blossoms, on the same trees live;
At once they promise, what at once they give.
So sweet the air, so moderate the clime;
None sickly lives, or dies before his time.
Heav'n sure has kept this spot of earth uncurst,
To shew how all things were created first.
The tardy plants in our cold orchards plac'd
Reserve their fruit for the next age's taste;
There, a small grain, in some few months, will be
A firm, a lofty, and a spacious tree.
The Palma-Christi, and the fair Papa,
Now but a seed, (preventing nature's law)
In half the circle of the hasty year,
Project a shade, and lovely fruits do wear.
And as their trees, in our dull region set
But faintly grow, and no perfection get;
So, in this northern tract, our hoarser throats
Utter unripe, and ill-constrained notes;
While the supporter of the Poets' style,
Phoebus, on them eternally does smile.
Oh! how I long my careless limbs to lay
Under the plantain's shade; and all the day
With amorous airs my fancy entertain;
Invoke the Muses, and improve my vein!
No passion there in my free breast should move,
None but the sweet, and best of passions, love.
There while I sing, if gentle love be by,
That tunes my lute, and winds the string so high;
With the sweet sound of Sacharissa's name,
I'll make the list'ning savages grow tame.

But while I do these pleasing dreams indite,
I am diverted from the promis'd fight.

C A N T O. II.

*Of their alarm, and how their foes
Discover'd were, this Canto shows.*

TH O' rocks so high about this island rise,
That well they may the num'rous Turk despise ;
Yet is no human fate exempt from fear ;
Which shakes their hearts, while thro' the isle they hear
A lasting noise, as horrid and as loud
As thunder makes before it breaks the cloud.
Three days they dread this murmur, e'er they know
From what blind cause th' unwonted sound may grow ;
At length two monsters of unequal size,
Hard by the shore, a fisherman espies ;
'Two mighty whales ! which swelling seas had tost,
And left them pris'ners on the rocky coast.
One, as a mountain vast, and with her came
A cub, not much inferior to his dam.
Here in a pool among the rocks engag'd,
They roar'd, like lions caught in toils, and rag'd.
The man knew what they were, who heretofore
Had seen the like lie murder'd on the shore :
By the wild fury of some tempest cast,
The fate of ships, and shipwreck'd men, to taste.
As careless dames, whom wine and sleep betray
To frantic dreams, their infants overlay :
So, there sometimes the raging ocean fails,
And her own brood exposes ; when the whales

Against sharp rocks, like reeling vessels, quash'd,
Though huge as mountains, are in pieces dash'd :
Along the shore their dreadful limbs lie scatter'd;
Like hills with earthquakes shaken, torn, and shatter'd.
Hearts sure of brags they had, who tempted first
Rude seas, that spare not what themselves have nurs'd.
The welcome news through all the nation spread,
To sudden joy, and hope, converts their dread :
What lately was their public terror, they
Behold with glad eyes as a certain prey :
Dispose already of th' untaken spoil ;
And, as the purchase of their future toil, }
These share the bones, and they divide the oil. }
So was the huntsman by the bear oppress'd,
Whose hide he sold,----before he caught the beast!

They man their boats, and all their young men arm
With whatsoever may the monsters harm ;
Pikes, halberts, spits, and darts that wound so far;
The tools of peace, and instruments of war.
Now was the time for vigorous lads to show
What love, or honour, could invite them to :
A goodly theatre! where rocks are round
With reverend age, and lovely lasses, crown'd.
Such was the lake which held this dreadful pair,
Within the bounds of noble Warwick's share :
Warwick's bold Earl! than which no title bears
A greater sound among our British peers.
And worthy he the mem'ry to renew,
The fate, and honour, to that title due ;
Whose brave adventures have transferr'd his name,
And thro' the new world spread his growing fame.----

But how they fought, and what their valour gain'd,
Shall in another canto be contain'd.

C A N T O III.

*The bloody fight, successful toil,
And how the fishes sack'd the isle.*

THE boat, which on the first assault did go,
Strook with a harping-i'rn the younger foe :
Who, when he felt his side so rudely gor'd,
Loud, as the sea that nourish'd him, he roar'd.
As a broad bream, to please some curious taste,
While yet alive, in boiling water cast;
Vex'd with unwonted heat, he flings about
The scorching brags, and hurls the liquor out :
So, with the barbed jav'lin stung, he raves;
And scourges with his tail the suff'ring waves.
Like Spenser's Talus with his iron flail,
He threatens ruin with his pond'rous tail ;
Dissolving at one stroke the batter'd boat,
And down the men fall drenched in the moat :
With ev'ry fierce encounter they are forc'd
To quit their boats, and fare like men unhors'd.

The bigger whale like some huge carrack lay,
Which wanteth sea-room with her foes to play :
Slowly she swims; and when provok'd she wou'd
Advance her tail, her head salutes the mud :
The shallow water doth her force infringe,
And renders vain her tail's impetuous swinge :

The shining steel her tender sides receive,
 And there, like bees, they all their weapons leave.
 This sees the cub, and does himself oppose
 Betwixt his cumber'd mother, and her foes :
 With desp'rate courage he receives her wounds,
 And men, and boats, his active tail confounds.
 Their forces join'd the seas with billows fill,
 And make a tempest, though the winds be still.

Now would the men with half their hoped prey
 Be well content; and wish this cub away :
 Their wish they have; (he to direct his dam
 Unto the gap through which they thither came,)
 Before her swims, and quits the hostile lake;
 A pris'ner there, but for his mother's sake.
 She, by the rocks compell'd to stay behind,
 Is by the vastness of her bulk confin'd.
 They shout for joy! and now on her alone
 Their fury falls, and all their darts are thrown.
 Their lances spent, one, bolder than the rest,
 With his broad sword provok'd the sluggish beast :
 Her oily side devours both blade and hest;
 And there his steel the bold Bermudan left.
 Courage the rest from his example take,
 And now they change the colour of the lake;
 Blood flows in rivers from her wounded side,
 As if they would prevent the tardy tide;
 And raise the flood to that propitious height,
 As might convey her from this fatal strait :
 She swims in blood, and blood does spouting throw
 To heav'n, that heav'n mens cruelties might know.
 Their fixed jav'lins in her side she wears,
 And on her back a grove of pikes appears :

You would have thought, had you the monster seen
Thus dress'd, she had another island been.
Roaring she tears the air with such a noise,
As well resembl'd the conspiring voice
Of routed armies, when the field is won;
To reach the ears of her escaped son.
He, though a league removed from the foe,
Hastes to her aid: the * pious Trojan so,
Neglecting for Creusa's life his own,
Repeats the danger of the burning town.
The men amazed blush to see the seed
Of monsters human piety exceed.
Well proves this kindness what the Grecian sung,
That Love's bright mother from the ocean sprung.
Their courage droops, and hopeless now they wish
For composition with th' unconquer'd fish:
So she their weapons would restore again,
Thro' rocks they'd hew her passage to the main.
But, how instructed in each others mind,
Or what commerce can men with monsters find?
Not daring to approach their wounded foe,
Whom her courageous son protected so;
They charge their musquets, and with hot desire
Of fell revenge, renew the fight with fire;
Standing aloof, with lead they bruise the scales,
And tear the flesh of the incensed whales.
But no success their fierce endeavours found,
Nor this way could they give one fatal wound.
Now to their fort they are about to send,
For the loud engines which their isle defend:

* Æneas.

But what those pieces, fram'd to batter walls,
 Would have effected on those mighty whales,
 Great Neptune will not have us know; who sends
 A tide so high, that it relieves his friends.
 And thus they parted with exchange of harms;
 Much blood the monsters lost, and they their arms.

S O N G.

PEACE, babling Muse!
 I dare not sing what you indite;
 Her eyes refuse
 To read the passion which they write:
 She strikes my lute, but, if it sound,
 Threatens to hurl it on the ground:
 And I no less her anger dread,
 Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead,
 While some fierce lion does embrace
 His breathless corpse, and lick his face;
 Wrapt up in silent fear he lies,
 Torn all in pieces if he cries.

Of LOVE-

ANGER, in hasty words, or blows,
 Itself discharges on our foes:
 And sorrow too finds some relief
 In tears, which wait upon our grief:
 So, ev'ry passion, but fond love,
 Unto its own redress does move:

But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disorder'd, tremble, fawn and creep;
Postures which render him despis'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd.
For women, (born to be controul'd,)
Stoop to the forward and the bold:
Affect the haughty, and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud.
Who first the gen'rous steed oppress,
Not kneeling did salute the beast;
But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching, tam'd th' unruly horse.

Unwisely we the wiser east
Pity, supposing them oppress
With tyrant's force, whose law is will,
By which they govern, spoil and kill:
Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no less rigour here.
Should some brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty lassies, bright and young;
And beckons to the willing dame,
Preferr'd to quench his present flame;
Behold as many gallants here,
With modest guise, and silent fear,
All to one female idol bend;
While her high pride does scarce descend
To mark their follies; he would swear
That these her guards of eunuchs were:
And that a more majestic Queen,
Or humbler slaves, he had not seen.

All this with indignation spoke,
In vain I struggled with the yoke
Of mighty Love; that conqu'ring look,
When next beheld, like lightning strook
My blasted soul; and made me bow,
Lower than those I pity'd now.

So the tall stag, upon the brink
Of some smooth stream about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With shame remembers that he fled
The scorned dogs; resolves to try
The combat next: But if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He strait resumes his wonted care;
Leaves the untasted spring behind,
And, wing'd with fear, out-flies the wind.

TO P H Y L L I S.

P H Y L L I S ! why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the day?
Could we (which we never can !)
Stretch our lives beyond their span;
Beauty like a shadow flies,
And our youth before us dies.
Or, would youth, and beauty, stay,
Love hath wings, and will away.
Love hath swifter wings, than Time:
Change in love to heav'n does climb;
Gods, that never change their state,
Vary oft their love and hate.

Phyllis ! to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us two :
Let not you and I inquire,
What has been our past desire :
On what shepherds you have smil'd,
Or what nymphs I have beguil'd :
Leave it to the planets too,
What we shall hereafter do :
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of present love.

To my Lord of FALKLAND.

BRAVE Holland leads, and with him Falkland goes.
Who hears this told, and does not strait suppose
We send the Graces and the Muses forth,
To civilize, and to instruct, the north ?
Not that these ornaments make swords less sharp ;
Apollo bears as well his bow as harp :
And tho' he be the patron of that spring,
Where in calm peace the sacred Virgins sing ;
He courage had to guard th' invaded throne
Of Jove, and cast the ambitious giants down.

Ah, noble friend ! with what impatience all
That know thy worth, and know how prodigal
Of thy great soul thou art, (longing to twist
Bays with that ivy, which so early kifs'd
Thy youthful temples) with what horror we
Think on the blind events of war, and thee ?
To fate exposing that all-knowing breast
Among the throng, as cheaply as the rest :

Where oaks and brambles, (if the corpse be burn'd)
Confounded lie, to the same ashes turn'd.

Some happy wind over the ocean blow
This tempest yet, which frights our island so!
Guarded with ships, and all the sea our own,
From heav'n this mischief on our heads is thrown.

In a late dream, the Genius of this land,
Amaz'd, I saw, like the * fair Hebrew stand;
When first she felt the twins begin to jar,
And found her womb the seat of civil war.
Inclin'd to whose relief, and with presage
Of better fortune for the present age;
Heav'n sends, quoth I, this discord for our good;
To warm, perhaps, but not to waste our blood:
To raise our drooping spirits, grown the scorn
Of our proud neighbours; who e'er long shall mourn
(Tho' now they joy in our expected harms)
We had occasion to resume our arms.

A lion so with self-provoking smart,
(His rebel tail scourging his nobler part,)
Calls up his courage; then begins to roar,
And charge his foes, who thought him mad before.

For Drinking of HEALTHS.

LET brutes, and vegetals, that cannot think,
So far as drought, and nature, urges, drink:
A more indulgent mistress guides our sp'rits,
Reason, that dares beyond our appetites:

* Rebekah.

E

She would our care, as well as thirst, redress;
 And with Divinity rewards excess.
 Deserted Ariadne, thus supply'd,
 Did perjur'd Theseus' cruelty deride:
 Bacchus imbrac'd, from her exalted thought
 Banish'd the man, her passion, and his fault.
 Bacchus and Phoebus are by Jove ally'd,
 And each by others timely heat supply'd:
 All that the grapes owe to his rip'ning fires,
 Is paid in numbers which their juice inspires.
 Wine fills the veins, and healths are understood,
 'To give our friends a title to our blood:
 Who, naming me, doth warm his courage so,
 Shews for my sake what his bold hand would do.

S O N G.

I.

CHLOREIS farewell! I now must go:
 For if with thee I longer stay,
 Thy eyes prevail upon me so,
 I shall prove blind, and lose my way.

II.

Fame of thy beauty, and thy youth,
 Among the rest, me hither brought:
 Finding this fame fall short of truth,
 Made me stay longer than I thought.

III.

For I'm engag'd by word, and oath,
 A servant to another's will:
 Yet, for thy love, I'd forfeit both,
 Could I be sure to keep it still.

IV.

But what assurance can I take ?

When thou, foreknowing this abuse,
For some more worthy lover's fake,
May'st leave me with so just excuse.

V.

For thou may'st say, 'twas not thy fault
That thou didst inconstant prove ;
Being by my example taught
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

VI.

No, Chloris, no : I will return,
And raise thy story to that height,
That strangers shall at distance burn ;
And she distrust me reprobate.

VII.

Then shall my love this doubt displace,
And gain such trust, that I may come
And banquet sometimes on thy face,
But make my constant meals at home.

Of my Lady ISABELLA playing on the Lute.

SUCH moving sounds, from such a careless touch !
So unconcern'd herself, and we so much !

What art is this, that with so little pains

Transport us thus, and o'er our spirits reigns ?

The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,

And tell their joy for ev'ry kiss aloud :

Small force there needs to make them tremble so ;

'Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble too ?

Here love takes stand, and, while she charms the ear,
 Empties his quiver on the list'ning deer:
 Music so softens, and difarms, the mind,
 That not an arrow does resistance find.
 Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
 And acts herself the triumph of her eyes:
 So Nero once, with harp in hand, survey'd
 His flaming Rome, and as it burn'd he play'd.

To a LADY finging a Song of his composing.

CHLOE, yourself you so excel,
 When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,
 That, like a spirit, with this spell
 Of my own teaching I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
 Which, on the shaft that made him die,
 Espy'd a feather of his own,
 Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

Had Echo, with so sweet a grace,
 Narcissus' loud complaints return'd,
 Not for reflexion of his face,
 But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

Of Mrs ARDEN.

BEHOLD, and listen, while the Fair
 Breaks in sweet sounds the willing air:

And, with her own breath, fans the fire
Which her bright eyes do first inspire.
What reason can that love controul,
Which more than one way courts the soul?

So, when a flash of lightning falls
On our abodes, the danger calls
For human aid; which hopes the flame
To conquer, tho' from heav'n it came:
But, if the winds with that conspire,
Men strive not, but deplore the fire.

Of the Marriage of the DWARFS.

DESIGN, or chance, makes others wive;
But nature did this match contrive:
Eve might as well have Adam fled,
As she deny'd her little bed
'To him, for whom heav'n seem'd to frame,
And measure out, this only dame.

Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care!
Over whose heads those arrows fly
Of sad distrust and jealousy:
Secured in as high extreme,
As if the world held none but them.

To him the fairest nymphs do show
Like moving mountains, top'd with snow:
And every man a Polypheme
Does to his Galatea seem:
None may presume her faith to prove:
He proffers death that proffers love.

Ah Chloris ! that kind nature thus
 From all the world had sever'd us :
 Creating for ourselves us two,
 As love has me for only you !

LOVE'S FAREWELL.

TREADING the path to nobler ends,
 A long farewell to love I gave :
 Resolv'd my country, and my friends,
 All that remain'd of me should have.

And this resolve no mortal dame,
 None but those eyes, could have o'erthrown :
 The nymph I dare not, need not name,
 So high, so like herself alone.

Thus the tall oak, which now aspires
 Above the fear of private fires ;
 Grown, and design'd, for nobler use,
 Not to make warm, but build the house ;
 Tho' from our meaner flames secure,
 Must that which falls from heav'n endure.

From a CHILD.

MA D A M, as in some climes the warmer sun
 Makes it full summer, e'er the spring's begun ;
 And with ripe fruit the bending boughs can load,
 Before our violets dare look abroad :

So measure not, by any common use,
 The early love your brighter eyes produce.
 When lately your fair hand in woman's weed
 Wrapt my glad head, I wish'd me so indeed,
 That hasty time might never make me grow
 Out of these favours, you afford me now :
 That I might ever such indulgence find ;
 And you not blush, or think yourself too kind.
 Who now, I fear, while I these joys express,
 Begin to think how you may make them less :
 The sound of love makes your soft heart afraid,
 And guard itself, tho' but a child invade ;
 And innocently at your white breast throw
 A dart as white, a ball of new-fall'n snow.

ON a GIRDLE.

THAT, which her slender waist confin'd,
 Shall now my joyful temples bind :
 No monarch but would give his crown,
 His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heav'n's extremest sphere,
 The pale which held that lovely deer :
 My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
 Did all within this circle move !

A narrow compas ! and yet there
 Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair :
 Give me but what this riband bound,
 Take all the rest the sun goes round.

To the MUTABLE FAIR.

HERE, Caelia ! for thy sake I part
 With all that grew so near my heart :
 The passion that I had for thee,
 The faith, the love, the constancy !
 And, that I may successful prove,
 Transform myself to what you love.

Fool that I was ! so much to prize
 Those simple virtues you despise:
 Fool ! that with such dull arrows strove,
 Or hop'd to reach a flying dove.
 For you, that are in motion still,
 Decline our force and mock our skill ;
 Who, like Don Quixote, do advance
 Against a windmill our vain lance.

Now will I wander thro' the air,
 Mount, make a stoop at ev'ry fair ;
 And, with a fancy unconfin'd,
 (As lawless as the sea or wind)
 Pursue you wherefoe'er you fly,
 And with your various thoughts comply.

The formal stars do travel so,
 As we their names, and courses, know ;
 And he that on their changes looks,
 Would think them govern'd by our books :
 But never were the clouds reduc'd
 To any art ; The motions us'd
 By those free vapors are so light,
 So frequent, that the conquer'd fight
 Despairs to find the rules that guide
 Those gilded shadows as they slide.

And therefore of the spacious air
 Jove's royal confort had the care;
 And by that power did once escape,
 Declining bold Ixion's rape;
 She, with her own resemblance, grac'd
 A shining cloud, which he embrac'd.
 Such was that image, so it smil'd
 With seeming kindness, which beguil'd
 Your Thyrsis lately, when he thought
 He had his fleeting Caelia caught.
 'Twas shap'd like her, but, for the fair,
 He fills his arms with yielding air.

A fate! for which he grieves the less,
 Because the gods had like success.
 For in their story, one, we see,
 Pursues a nymph, and takes a tree:
 A second, with a lover's haste,
 Soon overtakes whom he had chas'd;
 But she that did a virgin seem,
 Possess'd, appears a wand'ring stream:
 For his supposed love, a third
 Lays greedy hold upon a bird;
 And stands amaz'd, to find his dear
 A wild inhabitant of th' air.
 To these old tales such nymphs as you
 Give credit, and still make them new;
 The amorous now like wonders find,
 In the swift changes of your mind.

But, Caelia, if you apprehend
 The Muse of your incens'd friend:
 Nor would that he record your blame,
 And make it live, repeat the same;

Again deceive him, and again,
 And then he swears he'll not complain.
 For still to be deluded so,
 Is all the pleasure lovers know ;
 Who, like good falk'ners, take delight,
 Not in the quarry, but the flight.

TO FLAVIA.

SONG.

I.

'TIS not your beauty can engage
 My wary heart :
 The sun, in all his pride and rage,
 Has not that art ;
 And yet he shines as bright as you,
 If brightness could our souls subdue.

II.

'Tis not the pretty things you say,
 Nor those you write,
 Which can make Thyrsis' heart your prey :
 For that delight,
 The graces of a well taught mind,
 In some of our own sex we find.

III.

No, Flavia; 'tis your love I fear ;
 Love's surest darts,
 Those which do seldom fail him, are
 Headed with hearts :
 Their very shadows make us yield ;
 Dissemble well, and win the field.

The F A L L.

SEE! how the willing earth gave way,
To take th' impression where she lay.
See! how the mould, as loth to leave
So sweet a burden, still doth cleave
Close to the nymph's stain'd garment. Here
The coming spring would first appear;
And all this place with roses strow,
If busy feet would let them grow.

Here Venus smil'd to see blind Chance
Itself, before her son, advance;
And a fair image to present
Of what the boy so long had meant.
'Twas such a chance as this, made all
The world into this order fall:
Thus the first lovers, on the clay,
Of which they were composed, lay:
So in their prime, with equal grace,
Met the first patterns of our race.

Then blush not, fair! or on him frown,
Or wonder how you both came down;
But touch him, and he'll tremble strait:
How could he then support your weight?
How could the youth, alas! but bend
When his whole heav'n upon him lean'd?
If aught by him amiss were done,
'Twas that he let you rise so soon.

Of S Y L V I A.

OUR sighs are heard ; just heav'n declares
The sense it has of lovers cares :
She that so far the rest out-shin'd,
Sylvia the fair, while she was kind,
As if her frowns impair'd her brow,
Seems only not unhandsome now.

So ween the sky makes us endure
A storm, itself becomes obscure.

Hence 'tis that I conceal my flame,
Hiding from Flavia's self her name ;
Lest she, provoking heav'n, should prove
How it rewards neglected love.
Better a thousand such as I,
Their grief untold, should pine and die ;
Than her bright morning, overcast
With sullen clouds, should be defac'd.

Of the B U D.

LA T E L Y on yonder swelling bush,
Big with many a coming rose,
This early bud began to blush,
And did but half itself disclose.
I pluck'd it, though no better grown ;
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the leaves inspire,
With such a purple light they shone,
As if they had been made of fire,
And spreading so, would flame anon:
All that was meant by air or sun,
To the young flow'r, my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
What may the same in forms of love,
Of purest love, and music too,
When Flavia it aspires to move?
When that, which lifeless buds persuades
To wax more soft, her youth invades?

S O N G.

BEHOLD the brand of beauty tost!
See, how the motion does dilate the flame!
Delighted Love his spoils does boast,
And triumph in this game.
Fire, to no place confin'd,
Is both our wonder, and our fear;
Moving the mind,
As lightning hurled through the air.
High heav'n the glory does increase
Of all her shining lamps, this artful way:
The sun in figures, such as these,
Joys with the moon to play;
To the sweet strains they advance,

Which do result from their own spheres;

As this nymph's dance

Moves with the numbers which she hears.

On the Discovery of a Lady's Painting.

PYGMALION's fate revers'd is mine :

His marble love took flesh and blood;

All that I worshipp'd as divine,

That beauty! now, 'tis understood,

Appears to have no more of life,

Than that whereof he fram'd his wife.

As women yet, who apprehend

Some sudden cause of causeless fear,

Although that seeming cause take end,

And they behold no danger near;

A shaking through their limbs they find,

Like leaves saluted by the wind.

So, though the beauty do appear

No beauty which amaz'd me so ;

Yet from my breast I cannot tear

The passion which from thence did grow;

Nor yet out of my fancy raze

The print of that supposed face.

A real beauty, though too near

The fond Narcissus did admire.

I doat on that which is no where;

The sign of beauty feeds my fire.

No mortal flame was e'er so cruel
As this, which thus survives the fuel.

To a LADY, from whom he received a
Silver Pen.

MADAM! intending to have try'd
The silver favour which you gave,
In ink the shining point I dy'd,
And drench'd it in the fable wave:
When, griev'd to be so foully stain'd,
On you it thus to me complain'd.

Suppose you had deserv'd to take
From her fair hand so fair a boon;
Yet how deserved I to make
So ill a change; who ever won
Immortal praise for what I wrote,
Instructed by her noble thought?

I, that expressed her commands
To mighty lords, and princely dames,
Always most welcome to their hands;
Proud that I would record their names;
Must now be taught an humble stile,
Some meaner beauty to beguile!

So I, the wronged pen to please,
Make it my humble thanks express
Unto your ladyship in these:
And now 'tis forced to confess,

That your great self did ne'er indite,
Nor that, to one more noble, write.

TO CHLORIS.

CHLORIS! since first our calm of peace
Was frighted hence, this good we find,
Your favours with your fears increase,
And growing mischiefs make you kind.

So the fair tree, which still preserves
Her fruit and state, while no wind blows,
In storms from that uprightness swerves;
And the glad earth about her strows
With treasure, from her yielding boughs.

S O N G.

WHILE I listen to thy voice,
Chloris! I feel my life decay;
That pow'rful noise
Calls my fleeting soul away.
Oh! suppress that magic sound,
Which destroys without a wound.

Peace, Chloris, peace! or singing die;
That together you and I
To heav'n may go;
For all we know
Of what the blessed do above,
Is that they sing, and that they love.

Of Loving at First Sight.

NOT caring to observe the wind,
Or the new sea explore,
Snatch'd from myself, how far behind
Already I behold the shore!

May not a thousand dangers sleep
In the smooth bosom of this deep?
No; 'tis so rockless, and so clear,
That the rich bottom does appear
Pav'd all with precious things; not torn
From ship-wreck'd vessels, but there born.

Sweetness, truth, and ev'ry grace
Which time, and use, are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach,
And read distinctly in her face.

Some other nymphs, with colours faint,
And pencil slow, may Cupid paint,
And a weak heart in time destroy;
She has a stamp, and prints the boy;
Can, with a single look, inflame
The coldest breast the rudest tame.

The SELF-BANISH'D.

IT is not that I love you less,
Than when before your feet I lay;
But, to prevent the sad increase
Of hopeless love, I keep away.

In vain, alas ! for every thing,
 Which I have known belong to you,
 Your form does to my fancy bring,
 And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the spring, from the new sun,
 Already has a fever got,
 Too late begins those shafts to shun,
 Which Phoebus thro' his veins has shot :

Too late he would the pain assuage,
 And to thick shadows does retire :
 About with him he bears the rage,
 And in his tainted blood the fire.

But vow'd I have, and never must
 Your banish'd servant trouble you :
 For if I break, you may mistrust
 The vow I made---to love you too.

S O N G.

GO, lovely rose !
 Tell her that wastes her time, and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet, and fair, she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
 That hadst thou sprung

In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wond'rous sweet, and fair!

THYRSIS. GALATEA.

THYRSIS.

AS lately I on silver Thames did ride,
Sad Galatea on the bank I spy'd:
Such was her look as sorrow taught to shine;
And thus she grac'd me with a voice divine.

GALATEA.

You that can tune your sounding strings so well,
Of ladies beauties, and of love to tell,
Once change your note; and let your lute report
The justest grief that ever touch'd the court.

THYRSIS.

Fair nymph! I have in your delights no share;
Nor ought to be concerned in your care:
Yet would I sing, if I your sorrows knew;
And to my aid invoke no Muse but you.

GALATEA.

Hear then, and let your song augment our grief,
Which is so great, as not to wish relief.

She that had all which nature gives, or chance ;
Whom fortune join'd with virtue to advance
To all the joys this island could afford,
The greatest mistress, and the kindest Lord :
Who with the royal, mixt her noble, blood ;
And in high grace with Gloriana stood :
Her bounty, sweetness, beauty, goodness, such,
'That none e'er thought her happiness too much :
So well inclin'd her favours to confer,
And kind to all, as heav'n had been to her !
The virgin's part, the mother, and the wife,
So well she acted in the span of life,
That tho' few years (too few alas !) she told,
She seem'd in all things, but in beauty, old.
As unripe fruit, whose verdant stalks do cleave
Close to the tree, which grieves no less to leave
The smiling pendant which adorns her so,
And until autumn, on the bough should grow :
So seem'd her youthful soul not easily forc'd,
Or from so fair, so sweet, a seat divorc'd.
Her fate at once did hasty seem, and slow ;
At once too cruel, and unwilling too.

THYRSIS.

Under how hard a law are mortals born !
Whom now we envy, we anon must mourn :
What heav'n sets highest, and seems most to prize,
Is soon removed from our wond'ring eyes !

But since the * sisters did so soon untwine
So fair a thread, I'll strive to piece the line.
Vouchsafe, sad nymph ! to let me know the dame,
And to the Muses I'll commend her name :
Make the wide country echo to your moan,
The list'ning trees, and savage mountains, groan :
What rock's not moved when the death is sung
Of one so good, so lovely, and so young ?

GALATEA.

'Twas Hamilton !-----whom I had nam'd before,
But naming her, grief lets me say no more.

On the Head of a STAG.

SO we some antique hero's strength
Learn by his lance's weight, and length ;
As these vast beams express the beast,
Whose shady brows alive they drest.
Such game, while yet the world was new,
The mighty Nimrod did pursue.
What huntsman of our feeble race,
Or dogs, dare such a monster chase ?
Resembling, with each blow he strikes,
The charge of a whole troop of pikes.
O fertile head ! which ev'ry year
Could such a crop of wonder bear !
The teeming earth did never bring
So soon, so hard, so huge a thing :
Which might it never have been cast,
(Each year's growth added to the last,)
These lofty branches had supply'd
The earth's bold sons prodigious pride :

* Parcae.

Heav'n with these engines had been scal'd,
When mountains heap'd on mountains fail'd.

To a LADY in Retirement.

SEES not my love, how Time resumes
The glory which he lent these flow'rs?
Though none should taste of their perfumes,
Yet must they live but some few hours;
Time, what we forbear, devours!

Had Helen, or th' * Egyptian Queen,
Been near so thrifty of their graces;
Those beauties must at length have been
The spoil of age, which finds out faces
In the most retired places.

Should some malignant planet bring
A barren drought, or ceaseless show'r,
Upon the autumn, or the spring,
And spare us neither fruit, nor flow'r;
Winter would not stay an hour.

Could the resolve of love's neglect
Preserve you from the violation
Of coming years, then more respect
Were due to so divine a fashion;
Nor would I indulge my passion..

* Cleopatra..

The Miser's Speech; in a Masque.

BALLS of this metal slack'd Atlanta's pace,
 And on the * amorous youth bestow'd the race;
 Venus, (the nymph's mind measuring by her own,) .
 Whom the rich spoils of cities overthrown
 Had prostrated to Mars, could well advise
 Th' advent'rous lover how to gain the prize.
 Nor less may Jupiter to gold ascribe;
 For, when he turn'd himself into a bribe,
 Who can blame Danae, or the brazen tow'r,
 That they withstood not that almighty show'r?
 Never till then did love make Jove put on
 A form more bright, and nobler than his own;
 Nor were it just, would he resume that shape,
 That slack devotion should his thunder scape.
 'Twas not revenge for griev'd Apollo's wrong,
 Those ass's ears on Midas' temples hung;
 But fond repentance of his happy wish,
 Because his meat grew metal like his dish.
 Would Bacchus bliss me so, I'd constant hold
 Unto my wish, and die creating gold.

Upon BEN. JOHNSON.

MIRROR of poets! mirror of our age!
 Which, her whole face beholding on thy stage,

* Hippomenes.

Pleas'd, and displeas'd, with her own faults, indures
A remedy like those whom music cures,
Thou hast alone those various inclinations,
Which nature gives to ages, sexes, nations :
So traced with thy all-resembling pen,
That, whate'er custom has impos'd on men,
Or ill-got habit, (which deforms them so,
That scarce a brother can his brother know)
Is represented to the wond'ring eyes
Of all that see, or read, thy comedies.
Whoever in those glasses looks, may find
The spots return'd, or graces, of his mind :
And, by the help of so divine an art,
At leisure view, and dress, his nobler part.
Narcissus, cozen'd by that flatt'ring well,
Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,
Had here, discov'ring the deform'd estate
Of his fond mind, preserv'd himself with hate.
But virtue too, as well as vice, is clad
In flesh and blood so well, that Plato had
Beheld, what his high fancy once embrac'd,
Virtue with colours, speech, and motion grac'd.
The sundry postures of thy copious Muse
Who would express, a thousand tongues must use :
Whose fate's no less peculiar than thy art ;
For as thou could'st all characters impart,
So none could render thine ; which still escapes,
Like Proteus, in variety of shapes :
Who was, nor this, nor that ; but all we find,
And all we can imagine, in mankind.

On Mr JOHN FLETCHER's Plays.

FLETCHER! to thee we do not only owe
 All these good plays, but those of others too:
 Thy wit repeated, does support the stage;
 Credits the last, and entertains this age.

No worthies, form'd by any Muse but thine,
 Could purchase robes to make themselves so fine.

What brave commander is not proud, to see
 Thy brave Melantius in his gallantry?
 Our greatest ladies love to see their scorn
 Out-done by thine, in what themselves have worn:
 Th' impatient widow, e'er the year be done,
 Sees thy Aspasia weeping in her gown.

I never yet the Tragic strain assay'd,
 Deterr'd by that inimitable * Maid.
 And, when I venture at the Comic stile,
 Thy Scornful Lady seems to mock my toil.

Thus has the Muse at once improv'd, and marr'd,
 Our sport in plays, by rendering it too hard!
 So, when a sort of lusty shepherds throw
 The bar by turns, and none the rest out-go
 So far, but that the best are meas'ring casts,
 Their emulation, and their pastime lasts:
 But, if some brawny yeoman of the guard
 Step in, and tofs the axle-tree a yard,
 Or more, beyond the furthest mark, the rest
 Despairing stand, their sport is at the best.

* The Maid's Tragedy.

To Mr GEORGE SANDYS, on his Translation
of some parts of the Bible.

HO W bold a work attempts that pen,
Which would enrich our vulgar tongue
With the high raptures of those men,
Who here with the same spirit sung,
Wherewith they now assist the choir
Of angels, who their songs admire!

Whatever those inspired souls
Were urged to express, did shake
The aged deep, and both the poles;
Their numerous thunder could awake
Dull earth, which doth with heav'n consent
To all they wrote, and all they meant.

Say, sacred bard! what could bestow
Courage on thee, to soar so high?
Tell me, brave friend! what help'd thee so
To shake off all mortality?
To light this torch, thou hast climb'd high'r
Than * he who stole coelestial fire.

* Prometheus.

To Mr HENRY LAWES, who had then newly
set a Song of mine in the year 1635.

V E R S E makes heroic virtue live;
But you can life to verses give.

As when in open air we blow,
The breath (though strain'd) sounds flat and low :
But if a trumpet take the blast,
It lifts it high, and makes it last :
So in your airs our numbers drest,
Make a shrill fally from the breast
Of nymphs, who singing what we penn'd,
Our passions to themselves commend ;
While Love, victorious with thy art,
Governs at once their voice, and heart.

You, by the help of tune and time,
Can make that song, which was but rhyme.
Noy pleading, no man doubts the cause ;
Or questions verses set by Lawes.

As a church-window, thick with paint,
Lets in a light but dim and faint :
So others, with division, hide
The light of sense, the poet's pride :
But you alone may truly boast
That not a syllable is lost :
The writer's, and the setter's skill,
At once the ravish'd ears do fill.
Let those which only warble long,
And gargle in their throats a song,
Content themselves with *Ut, Re, Mi* :
Let words, and sense, be set by thee.

TO SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT, upon his
Two First Books of GONDIBERT, written
in France.

THUS the wise nightingale, that leaves her home,
Her native wood, when storms and winter come;
Pursuing constantly the chearful spring,
To foreign groves does her old music bring.

The drooping Hebrews banish'd harps, unstrung,
At Babylon, upon the willows hung:
Your's sounds aloud, and tells us you excel
No less in courage, than in singing well;
While unconcern'd, you let your country know,
They have impoverish'd themselves, not you:
Who, with the Muse's help, can mock those fates
Which threaten kingdoms, and disorder states.
So Ovid, when from Caesar's rage he fled,
The Roman Muse to Pontus with him led:
Where he so sung, that we, through pity's glass,
See Nero milder than Augustus was.
Hereafter such, in thy behalf, shall be
'Th' indulgent censure of posterity.

To banish those who with such art can sing,
Is a rude crime, which its own curse doth bring.
Ages to come shall ne'er know how they fought,
Nor how to love their present youth be taught.
This to thyself.----Now to thy matchless book:
Wherein those few that can with judgment look,
May find old love in pure fresh language told;
Like new-stamp'd coin, made out of angel-gold:

Such truth in love as th' antique world did know,
In such a stile as courts may boast of now :
Which no bold tales of gods or monsters swell ;
But human passions, such as with us dwell.
Man is thy theme ; his virtue, or his rage,
Drawn to the life in each elab'rate page.
Mars, nor Bellona, are not named here ;
But such a Gondibert as both might fear :
Venus had here, and Hebe, been outshin'd,
By thy bright Birtha, and thy Rhodalind.
Such is thy happy skill, and such the odds
Betwixt thy worthies, and the Grecian gods !
Whose deities in vain had here come down,
Where mortal beauty wears the sov'reign crown :
Such as of flesh compos'd, by flesh and blood,
Though not resisted, may be understood.

To my worthy Friend Mr W A S E, the
Translator of GRATIUS.

THUS, by the music, we may know
When noble wits a-hunting go,
Through groves that on Parnassus grow.

The Muses all the chase adorn ;
My friend on Pegasus is born ;
And young Apollo winds the horn.

Having old Grattus in the wind,
No pack of critics e'er could find,
Or he know more of his own mind.

Here huntsmen with delight may read
How to chuse dogs, for scent, or speed ;
And how to change, or mend, the breed.

What arms to use, or nets to frame,
Wild beasts to combat, or to tame ;
With all the myst'ries of that game.

But, worthy friend ! the face of war
In antient times doth differ far,
From what our fiery battles are.

Nor is it like, since powder known,
'That man, so cruel to his own,
Should spare the race of beasts alone.

No quarter now, but with the gun
Men wait in trees, from fun to fun ;
And all is in a moment done.

And therefore we expect your next
Should be no comment, but a text ;
'To tell how modern beasts are vext.

Thus would I further yet engage
Your gentle Muse to court the age
With somewhat of your proper rage :

Since none do more to Phoebus owe,
Or in more languages can show
Those arts, which you so early know.

To his worthy Friend Master EVELYN, upon
his Translation of LUCRETIVS.

LUCRETIVS, (with a stork-like fate,
Born, and translated, in a state)
Comes to proclaim in English verse,
No monarch rules the universe :
But chance, and atoms, make this all
In order democratical;
Where bodies freely run their course,
Without design, or fate, or force.
And this in such a strain he sings,
As if his Muse, with Angel's wings,
Had soar'd beyond our utmost sphere,
And other worlds discover'd there.
For his immortal, boundless wit,
To nature does no bounds permit;
But boldly has remov'd those bars
Of heav'n, and earth, and seas, and stars,
By which they were before suppos'd,
By narrow wits, to be inclos'd ;
'Till his free Muse threw down the pale,
And did at once dispark them all.

So vast this argument did seem,
That the wise author did esteem
The Roman language (which was spread
O'er the whole world, in triumph led)
A tongue too narrow, to unfold
The wonders which he would have told.
This speaks thy glory, noble friend !
And British language does commend :

For here, Lucretius whole we find,
 His words, his music, and his mind.
 'Thy art has to our country brought
 All that he writ, and all he thought.
 Ovid translated, Virgil too,
 Shew'd long since what our tongue could do :
 Nor Lucan we, nor Horace spar'd ;
 Only Lucretius was too hard.
 Lucretius, like a fort, did stand
 Untouch'd ; 'till your victorious hand
 Did from his head this garland bear,
 Which now upon your own you wear.
 A garland ! made of such new bays,
 And fought in such untrodden ways,
 As no man's temples e'er did crown,
 Save this great author's, and your own.

To his Worthy Friend Sir THOMAS HIG-
 GONS upon his Translation of the Vene-
 tian Triumph.

THE * winged lion's not so fierce in fight,
 As Liberi's hand presents him to our sight :
 Nor would his pencil make him half so fierce,
 Or roar so loud, as Businello's verse :
 But your translation does all three excel,
 The fight, the piece, and lofty Businel.
 As their small gallies may not hold compare
 With our tall ships, whose sails employ more air :

* The arms of Venice.

So does th' Italian to your genius vail,
 Mov'd with a fuller, and a nobler, gale.
 Thus, while your Muse spreads the Venetian story,
 You make all Europe emulate her glory :
 You make them blush, weak Venice should defend
 The cause of heav'n, while they for words contend ;
 Shed Christian blood, and populous cities rase,
 Because they're taught to use some diff'rent phrase.
 If, list'ning to your charms, we could our jars
 Compose, and on the Turk discharge these wars ;
 Our British arms the sacred tomb might wrest
 From Pagan hands, and triumph o'er the east :
 And then you might our own high deeds recite,
 And with great Tasso celebrate the fight.

CHLORIS and HYLAS. Made to a Saraband.

CHLORIS.

HYLAS, oh Hylas ! why sit we mute,
 Now that each bird saluteth the spring ?
 Wind up the slacken'd strings of thy lute,
 Never canst thou want matter to sing ;
 For love thy breast does fill with such a fire,
 That whatsoe'er is fair moves thy desire.

HYLAS.

Sweetest ! you know, the sweetest of things
 Of various flow'rs the bees do compose ;
 Yet no particular taste it brings
 Of violet, wood-bine, piak, or rose :
 So love the result is of all the graces
 Which flow from a thousand several faces.

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CHLORIS.

Hylas ! the birds which chant in this grove,
 Could we but know the language they use,
 They would instruct us better in love,
 And reprehend thy inconstant Muse ;
 For love their breasts does fill with such a fire,
 That what they once do chuse, bounds their desire.

HYLAS.

Chloris ! this change the birds do approve,
 Which the warm season hither does bring ;
 Time from yourself does further remove
 You, than the winter from the gay spring ;
 She that like lightning shin'd while her face lasted,
 The oak now resembles which lightning hath blasted.

In Answer of Sir JOHN SUCKLING's Verses.

C O N.

STAY here fond youth, and ask no more ; be wise :
 Knowing too much, long since lost Paradise.

P R O.

And, by your knowledge, we should be bereft
 Of all that Paradise which yet is left.

C O N.

The virtuous joys thou hast, thou wouldst should still
 Last in their pride ; and wouldst not take it ill
 If rudely from sweet dreams, and for a toy,
 Thou wak'd ? he wakes himself that does enjoy.

P R O.

How can the joy, or hope, which you allow
 Be stiled virtuous, and the end not so ?

Talk in your sleep, and shadows still admire!
 'Tis true, he wakes that feels this real fire;
 But---to sleep better; for who-e'er drink's deep
 Of this Nepenthe, rocks himself asleep.

C O N.

Fruition adds no new wealth, but destroys:
 And while it pleaseth much, yet still it cloy.
 Who thinks he should be happier made for that,
 As reas'nably might hope he might grow fat
 By eating to a surfeit; this once past,
 What relishes? ev'n kisses lose their taste.

P R O.

Blessings may be repeated, while they cloy;
 But shall we starve, 'cause surfeitings destroy?
 And if fruition did the taste impair
 Of kisses, why should yonder happy pair,
 Whose joys just Hymen warrants all the night,
 Consume the day too in this less delight?

C O N.

Urge not 'tis necessary; alas! we know
 The homeliest thing that mankind does, is so.
 The world is of a large extent we see,
 And must be peopled, children there must be.----
 So must bread too; but since there are enough
 Born to that drudgery, what need we plough?

P R O.

I need not plough, since what the stooping hind
 Gets of my pregnant land, must all be mine:
 But in this nobler tillage 'tis not so;
 For, when Anchises did fair Venus know,
 What int'rest had poor Vulcan in the boy,
 Famous Æneas, or the present joy?

C O N.

Women enjoy'd, whate'er before they've been,
 Are like romances read, or scenes once seen :
 Fruition dulls, or spoils the play, much more
 Than if one read, or knew, the plot before.

P R O.

Plays, and romances read, and seen, do fall
 In our opinions ; yet, not seen at all,
 Whom would they please ? To an heroic tale
 Would you not listen, lest it should grow stale ?

C O N.

'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear ;
 Heav'n were not heav'n, if we knew what it were.

P R O.

If 'twere not heav'n, if we knew what it were,
 'Twould not be heav'n to those that now are there.

C O N.

And as in prospects we are there pleas'd most,
 Where something keeps the eye from being lost,
 And leaves us room to guess ; so here, restraint
 Holds up delight, that with excess would faint.

P R O.

Restraint preserves the pleasure we have got ;
 But he ne'er has it, that enjoys it not.
 In goodly prospects, who contracts the space,
 Or takes not all the bounty of the place ?
 We wish remov'd what standeth in our light,
 And nature blame for limiting our sight :
 Where you stand wisely winking, that the view
 Of the fair prospect may be always new.

C O N.

They, who know all the wealth they have, are poor;
He's only rich that cannot tell his store.

P R O.

Not he, that knows the wealth he has, is poor;
But he, that dares not touch, nor use his store.

To a Friend, of the different Successes of
their Loves.

TH R I C E happy pair! of whom we cannot know
Which first began to love, or loves most now:
Fair course of passion! where two lovers start,
And run together, heart still yok'd with heart:
Successful youth! whom love has taught the way
To be victorious, in the first essay.
Sure love's an art best practis'd at first,
And where th' experienc'd still prosper worst!
I, with a diff'rent fate, pursu'd in vain
The haughty Caelia; till my just disdain
Of her neglect, above that passion born,
Did pride to pride oppose, and scorn to scorn.
Now she relents; but all too late, to move
A heart directed to a nobler love:
The scales are turn'd, her kindness weighs no more
Now, than my vows and service did before.
So, in some well-wrought hangings, you may see
How Hector leads, and how the Grecians flee:
Here, the fierce Mars his courage so inspires,
That with bold hand the Argive fleet he fires:

But there, from heav'n the * blue-ey'd virgin falls,
And frighted Troy retires within her walls:
They that are foremost in that bloody race,
Turn head anon, and give the conqu'rors chase.
So like the chances are of love, and war,
That they alone in this distinguish'd are:
In love, the victors from the vanquish'd fly;
They fly that wound, and they pursue that die.

An APOLOGY for having Lov'd before.

THEY that never had the use
Of the grape's surprizing juice,
To the first delicious cup
All their reason render up:
Neither do, nor care to know,
Whether it be best or no.

So, they that are to love inclin'd,
Sway'd by chance, nor choice, or art,
To the first that's fair, or kind,
Make a present of their heart:
'Tis not she that first we love,
But whom dying we approve.

To man, that was in th' ev'ning made,
Stars gave the first delight;
Admiring, in the gloomy shade,
Those little drops of light.

* Minerva.

Then, at Aurora, whose fair hand
Remov'd them from the skies,
He gazing tow'rd the east did stand,
She entertain'd his eyes.

But when the bright sun did appear,
All those he 'gan despise ;
His wonder was determin'd there,
And could no higher rise :

He neither might, nor wish'd to know
A more refulgent light :
For that (as mine your beauties now)
Employ'd his utmost fight.

TO ZELINDA.

FAIREST piece of well-form'd earth !
Urge not thus your haughty birth :
The pow'r, which you have o'er us, lies
Not in your race, but in your eyes.
None but a Prince !----- alas ! that voice
Confines you to a narrow choice.
Should you no honey vow to taste,
But what the master-bees have plac'd
In compass of their cells, how small
A portion to your share would fall ?
Nor all appear among those few,
Worthy the stock from whence they grew :
The sap, which at the root is bred
In trees, thro' all the boughs is spread ;

But virtues, which in parents shine,
Make not like progress thro' the line.
'Tis not from whom, but where, we live :
The place does oft those graces give.
Great Julius, on the mountains bred,
A flock perhaps, or herd, had led :
He *, that the world subdu'd, had been
But the best wrestler on the green.
'Tis art, and knowledge, which draw forth
The hidden seeds of native worth :
They blow those sparks, and make them rise
Into such flames as touch the skies.
To the old heroes hence was giv'n
A pedigree, which reach'd to heav'n :
Of mortal seed they were not held,
Which other mortals so excell'd.
And beauty too, in such excess
As yours, Zelinda! claims no less;
Smile but on me, and you shall scorn
Henceforth to be of princes born.
I can describe the shady grove,
Where your lov'd mother slept with Jove;
And yet excuse the faultless dame,
Caught with her spouse's shape, and name :
Thy matchless form will credit bring
To all the wonders I shall sing.

* Alexander.

To my Lady MORTON, on New-years-day,
at the Louvre in Paris.

MADAM ! new-years may well expect to find
Welcome from you, to whom they are so kind :
Still as they pass, they court, and smile on you ;
And make your beauty, as themselves, seem new.
To the fair Villars we Dalkeith prefer ;
And fairest Morton now as much to her :
So like the sun's advance your titles show,
Which, as he rises, does the warmer grow.

But thus to style you fair, your sex's praise,
Gives you but myrtle, who may challenge bays :
From armed foes to bring a * royal prize,
Shews your brave heart victorious, as your eyes.
If Judith, marching with the general's head,
Can give us passion when her story's read ;
What may the living do, which brought away
Tho' a less bloody, yet a nobler prey ?
Who from our flaming Troy, with a bold hand,
Snatch'd her fair charge, the princess, like a brand :
A brand ! preserv'd to warm some prince's heart ;
And make whole kingdoms take her † brother's part.
So Venus, from prevailing Greeks, did throwd
The ‡ hope of Rome, and sav'd him in a cloud.

This gallant act may cancel all our rage,
Begin a better, and absolve this age.

* Henrietta Maria, youngest daughter to K. Charles I.

† K. Charles II.

‡ Æneas.

Dark shades become the portait of our time ;
Here weeps misfortune, and there triumphs crime !
Let him that draws it hide the rest in night :
This portion only may indure the light,
Where the kind nymph, changing her faultless shape,
Becomes unhandfome, handfomely to fcape,
When thro' the guards, the river, and the fea,
Faith, beauty, wit, and courage, made their way.
As the brave eagle does with sorrow fee
The forest wasted, and that lofty tree
Which holds her nest about to be o'erthrown,
Before the feathers of her young are grown ;
She will not leave them, nor she cannot ftay,
But bears them boldly on her wings away :
So fled the dame, and o'er the ocean bore
Her princely burthen to the Gallic shore.
Born in the ftorms of war, this royal fair,
Produc'd like lightning in tempeftuous air,
Tho' now she flies her native Ifle, (lefs kind,
Lefs fafe for her than either fea, or wind !)
Shall, when the bloffom of her beauty's blown,
See her great brother on the British throne :
Where peace fhall fmile, and no difpute arife,
But which rules moft, his fceptre, or her eyes.

To a Fair Lady playing with a Snake.

STRANGE ! that fuch horror, and fuch grace,
Should dwell together in one place ;
A fury's arm, an angel's face !

'Tis innocence, and youth, which makes
In Chloris' fancy such mistakes,
To start at love, and play with snakes.

By this, and by her coldness, barr'd,
Her servants have a task too hard :
The tyrant has a double guard !

Thrice happy snake ! that in her sleeve
May boldly creep ; we dare not give
Our thoughts so unconfin'd a leave.

Contented in that nest of snow
He lies, as he his bliss did know ;
And to the wood no more would go.

Take heed, fair Eve ! you do not make
Another tempter of this snake :
A marble one so warm'd would speak.

The NIGHT-PIECE, or a Picture drawn in the Dark.

DARKNESS, which fairest nymphs disarms,
Defends us ill from Mira's charms :
Mira can lay her beauty by,
Take no advantage of the eye ;
Quit all that Lely's art can take,
And yet a thousand captives make.

Her speech is grac'd with sweeter sound,
Than in another's song is found :
And all her well-plac'd words are darts,
Which need no light to reach our hearts.

As the bright stars, and milky way,
Shew'd by the night, are hid by day:
So we, in that accomplish'd mind,
Help'd by the night, new graces find,
Which, by the splendor of her view
Dazzled before, we never knew.

While we converse with her, we mark
No want of day, nor think it dark;
Her shining image is a light
Fixt in our hearts, and conquers night.

Like jewels to advantage set,
Her beauty by the shade does get;
There, blushes, frowns, and cold disdain,
All that our passion might restrain,
Is hid, and our indulgent mind
Presents the fair idea kind.

Yet, friended by the night, we dare
Only in whispers tell our care:
He that on her his bold hand lays
With Cupid's pointed arrows plays;
They with a touch, (they are so keen!)
Wound us unshot, and she unseen.

All near approaches threaten death,
We may be ship-wreck'd by her breath;
Love, favour'd once with that sweet gale,
Doubles his haste, and fills his sail;
'Till he arrive where she must prove
The haven, or the rock, of love.

So we, th' Arabian coast do know
At distance, when the spices blow:
By the rich odour taught to steer,
'Tho' neither day, nor stars appear.

Part of the fourth Book of VIRGIL'S

ÆNEIS translated.

Beginning at V. 437.

* * * * * *Talesque miserrima fletus*

Fertque refertque soror. * * * * *

And ending with

Adnixa torquent spumas, et caerula verrunt. V. 583.

ALL this her weeping * sister does repeat
 A To the † stern man whom nothing could intreat;
 Lost were her pray'rs, and fruitless were her tears!
 Fate, and great Jove, had stopt his gentle ears.
 As when loud winds a well-grown oak would rend
 Up by the roots, this way, and that, they bend
 His reeling trunk; and with a boist'rous sound
 Scatter his leaves, and strew them on the ground:
 He fixed stands; as deep his root doth lie
 Down to the centre, as his top is high:
 No less on ev'ry side the hero prest,
 Feels love, and pity, shake his noble breast;
 And down his cheeks tho' fruitless tears do roul,
 Unmov'd remains the purpose of his soul.
 Then Dido, urged with approaching fate,
 Begins the light of cruel heav'n to hate:
 Her resolution to dispatch, and die,
 Confirm'd by many a horrid prodigy!
 The water, consecrate for sacrifice,
 Appears all black to her amazed eyes:

* Anna.

† Æneas.

The wine to putrid blood converted flows,
Which from her none, not her own sister, knows.
Besides, there stood, as sacred to her * Lord,
A marble temple which she much ador'd;
With snowy fleeces, and fresh garlands, crown'd:
Hence ev'ry night proceeds a dreadful sound;
Her husband's voice invites her to his tomb:
And dismal owls presage the ills to come.
Besides, the prophecies of wizards old
Increas'd her terror, and her fall foretold:
Scorn'd, and deserted, to herself she seems;
And finds Æneas cruel in her dreams.

So, to mad Pentheus, double Thebes appears;
And furies howl in his distemper'd ears.
Orestes so with like distraction tost,
Is made to fly his mother's angry ghost.

Now grief, and fury, to their height arrive;
Death she decrees, and thus does it contrive.
Her grieved sister, with a chearful grace,
(Hope well dissembled shining in her face)
She thus deceives. Dear sister! let us prove
The cure I have invented for my love.
Beyond the land of Ethiopia lies
The place where Atlas does support the skies:
Hence came an old magician that did keep
Th' Hesperian fruit, and made the dragon sleep:
Her potent charms do troubled souls relieve,
And, where she lists, make calmest minds to grieve:
The course of rivers, and of heav'n, can stop,
And call trees down from th' airy mountain's top.

* Sichæus.

Witness, ye gods ! and thou, my dearest part !
How loth I am to tempt this guilty art.
Erect a pile, and on it let us place
That bed, where I my ruin did embrace :
With all the reliques of our impious guest,
Arms, spoils, and presents, let the pile be drest ;
(The knowing woman thus prescribes) that we
May rase the man out of our memory.
Thus speaks the queen, but hides the fatal end
For which she doth these sacred rites pretend.
Nor worse effects of grief her sister thought
Would follow, than Sichaeus' murder wrought ;
Therefore obeys her : And now, heaped high
The cloven oaks, and lofty pines, do lie ;
Hung all with wreaths, and flow'ry garlands round ;
So by herself was her own fun'ral crown'd !
Upon the Trojan's image lies,
And his sharp sword, wherewith anone she dies.
They by the altar stand, while with loose hair
The magic prophets begins her pray'r :
On Chaos, Erebus, and all the gods,
Which in th' infernal shades have their abodes,
She loudly calls ; besprinkling all the room
With drops, suppos'd from Lethe's lake to come.
She seeks the knot which on the forehead grows
Of new-foal'd colts and herbs by moon-light mows.
A cake of leaven in her pious hands
Holds the devoted Queen, and barefoot stands :
One tender foot was bare, the other shod,
Her robe ungirt, invoking ev'ry god,
And ev'ry pow'r ; if any be above,
Which takes regard of ill requited-love !

Now was the time, when weary mortals sleep
 Their careful temples in the dew of sleep :
 On seas, on earth, and all that in them dwell,
 A death-like quiet, and deep silence fell :
 But not on Dido ! whose untamed mind
 Refus'd to be by sacred night confin'd :
 A double passion in her breast does move,
 Love, and fierce anger for neglected love.
 'Thus she afflicts her soul : What shall I do ?
 With fate inverted, shall I humbly woo ?
 And some proud prince, in wild Numidia born,
 Pray to accept me, and forget my scorn ?
 Or, shall I with th' ungrateful Trojan go,
 Quit all my state, and wait upon my foe ?
 Is not enough, by sad experience ! known
 The perjur'd race of false Laomedon ?
 With my Sidonians shall I give them chase,
 Bands hardly forced from their native place ?
 No,---- die ! and let this sword thy fury tame ;
 Nought but thy blood can quench this guilty flame.

Ah sister ! vanquish'd with my passion, thou
 Betray'dst me first, dispensing with my vow.
 Had I been constant to Sichaeus still,
 And single liv'd, I had not known this ill !

Such thoughts torment the queen's enraged breast,
 While the Dardanian does securely rest
 In his tall ship, for sudden flight prepar'd ;
 To whom once more the son of Jove appear'd ;
 Thus seems to speak the youthful deity,
 Voice, hair, and colour, all like Mercury.

Fair Venus' feed ! canst thou indulge thy sleep,
 Nor better guard in such great danger keep ?

Mad, by neglect to lose so fair a wind!
 If here thy ships the purple morning find,
 Thou shalt behold this hostile harbour shine
 With a new fleet, and fires, to ruin thine;
 She meditates revenge, resolv'd to die;
 Weigh anchor quickly, and her fury fly.

This said, the god in shades of night retir'd.
 Amaz'd Æneas, with the warning fir'd,
 Shakes off dull sleep, and rousing up his men,
 Behold! the gods command our flight again:
 Fall to your oars, and all your canvas spread.
 What god foe'er that thus vouchsafes to lead,
 We follow gladly, and thy will obey,
 Assist us still smoothing our happy way,
 And make the rest propitious!----With that word,
 He cuts the cable with his shining sword:
 Through all the navy doth like ardour reign,
 They quit the shore, and rush into the main:
 Plac'd on their banks, the lusty Trojans sweep
 Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.

On the PICTURE of a FAIR of YOUTH, taken
 after he was dead.

AS gather'd flowers, while their wounds are new,
 Look gay and fresh, as on the stalk they grew;
 Torn from the root that nourish'd them, a while
 (Not taking notice of their fate) they smile;
 And, in the hand which rudely pluck'd them, show
 Fairer than those that to their autumn grow:

So love, and beauty, still their visage grace ;
Death cannot fright them from their wonted place.
Alive, the hand of crooked Age had marr'd
'Those lovely features, which cold Death has spar'd.

No wonder then he sped in love so well,
When his high passion he had breath to tell ;
When that accomplish'd soul, in this fair frame,
No business had, but to persuade that dame ;
Whose mutual love advanc'd the youth so high,
That, but to heav'n, he could no higher fly.

On a BREDE of divers Colours, woven by
Four Ladies.

TWICE twenty slender virgin-fingers twine
This curious web, where all their fancies shine :
As nature them, so they this shade have wrought ;
Soft as their hands, and various as their thought.
Not Juno's bird, when, his fair train dis-spread,
He woos the female to his painted bed ;
No, not the bow, which so adorns the skies,
So glorious is, or boasts so many dyes.

A PANEGYRIC to my LORD PROTECTOR,
of the present Greatness, and joint Interest
of his HIGHNESS, and this Nation.

WHILE with a strong, and yet a gentle hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command;
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
Makes us unite, and make us conquer too;

Let partial spirits still aloud complain :
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot reign :
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without controul upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune shew'd his face
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race :
So has your Highness, rais'd above the rest,
Storms of ambition tossing us repress.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restor'd by you, is made a glorious state;
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own : And now, all nations greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet :
Your pow'r extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heav'n (that hath plac'd this island to give law
To balance Europe, and her states to awe,)
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile;
The greatest leader, and the greatest isle!

Whether this portion of world were rent,
By the rude ocean, from the continent;
Or thus created; it was sure design'd
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither th' oppressed shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succour at your court;
And then your Highness, not for ours alone,
But for the world's Protector shall be known.

Fame, swifter than your winged navy, flies
Through ev'ry land that near the ocean lies:
Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news
To all that piracy and rapine use.

With such a chief the meanest nation blest'd,
Might hope to lift her head above the rest:
What may be thought impossible to do
By us, embraced by the sea, and you?

Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we
Whole forests send to reign upon the sea;
And ev'ry coast may trouble, or relieve:
But none can visit us without your leave.

Angels, and we, have this prerogative,
That none can at our happy seats arrive:
While we descend at pleasure, to invade
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.

Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that, amidst the boundless ocean set,
Of her own growth, hath all that nature craves,
And all that's rare, as tribute from the waves.

As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,
 But to the Nile owes more than to the sky :
 So what our earth, and what our heav'n denies,
 Our ever-constant friend, the sea, supplies.

The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,
 Free from the scorching sun that makes it grow :
 Without the worm, in Persian silks we shine ;
 And, without planting, drink of ev'ry vine.

To dig for wealth we weary not our limbs ;
 Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims :
 Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow,
 We plough the deep, and reap what others sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds ;
 Stout are our men, and warlike are our steeds :
 Rome, though her eagle through the world had flown,
 Could never make this island all her own.

Here the third Edward, and the Black Prince too,
 France-conqu'ring Henry flourish'd ; and now you :
 For whom we stay'd, as did the Grecian state
 Till Alexander came to urge their fate.

When for more worlds the Macedonian cry'd,
 He wist not Thetis in her lap did hide
 Another yet ; a world reserv'd for you,
 To make more great than That he did subdue.

He safely might old troops to battle lead,
 Against th' unwarlike Persian and the Mede ;
 Whose hasty flight did, from a bloodless field,
 More spoils, than honour, to the victor yield.

A race unconquer'd, by their clime made bold,
The Caledonians, arm'd with want and cold,
Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,
Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old Roman wall so ill confin'd,
With a new chain of garrisons you bind :
Here foreign gold no more shall make them come ;
Our English iron holds them fast at home.

They, that henceforth must be content to know
No warmer region than their hills of snow,
May blame the sun ; but must extol your grace,
Which in our senate hath allow'd them place.

Preferr'd by conquest, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they rise, to be with us made one :
So kind Dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquish'd foes free citizens of Rome.

Like favour find the Irish, with like fate,
Advanc'd to be a portion of our state :
While by your valour, and your bounteous mind,
Nations, divided by the sea, are join'd.

Holland, to gain your friendship, is content
To be our out-guard on the Continent :
She from her fellow-provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her foe.

In our late fight, when cannons did diffuse,
Preventing posts, the terror, and the news ;
Our neighbour Princes trembled at the roar :
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never-failing sword made war to cease;
And now you heal us with the acts of peace:
Our minds with bounty, and with awe, engage,
Invite affection, and restrain our rage.

Less pleasure take brave minds in battles won,
Than in restoring such as are undone:
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,
But man alone can, whom he conquers, spare.

To pardon, willing; and to punish, loth;
You strike with one hand, but you heal with both.
Lifting up all that prostrate lie, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When fate, or error, had our age misled,
And o'er this nation such confusion spread;
The only cure, which could from heav'n come down,
Was so much power, and piety, in one.

One! whose extraction from an ancient line
Gives hope again that well-born men may shine:
The meanest, in your nature mild and good;
The noble, rest secured in your blood.

Oft have we wonder'd, how you hid in peace
A mind proportion'd to such things as these;
How such a ruling spirit you could restrain,
And practise first over yourself to reign.

Your private life did a just pattern give,
How fathers, husbands, pious sons should live:
Born to command, your princely virtues slept
Like humble David's, while the flock he kept.

But when your troubled country call'd you forth,
Your flaming courage, and your matchless worth,
Dazling the eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce contention gave a prosp'rous end.

Still as you rise, the state, exalted too,
Finds no distemper, while 'tis chang'd by you;
Chang'd like the world's great scene! when, without
The rising Sun night's vulgar lights destroys. [noise,

Had you, some ages past, this race of glory
Run, with amazement, we should read your story:
But living virtue, all atchievements past,
Meets envy still, to grapple with at last.

This Caesar found: And that ungrateful age,
With losing him, went back to blood and rage:
Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that stroke.

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars
Gave a dim light to violence and wars:
To such a tempest, as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great senate could not wield that sword,
Which of the conquer'd world had made them Lord;
What hope had ours, while yet their pow'r was new,
To rule victorious armies, but by you?

You! that had taught them to subdue their foes,
Could order teach, and their high spirits compose:
To every duty could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So, when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that first took pain
To tame his youth, approach the haughty beast,
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vex'd world, to find repose, at last
Itself into Augustus' arms did cast :
So England now does, with like toil oppress'd,
Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the Muses, with such notes as these,
Instruct us what belongs unto our peace !
Your battles they hereafter shall indite,
And draw the image of our Mars in fight :

Tell of towns storm'd, of armies over-run,
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won ;
How, while you thunder'd, clouds of dust did choak
Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And every conqueror creates a Muse :
Here, in low strains your milder deeds we sing ;
But there, my Lord ! we'll bays and olive bring

To crown your head : While you in triumph ride
O'er vanquish'd nations, and the sea beside :
While all your neighbour Princes unto you,
Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence, and bow.

Of a WAR with SPAIN, and FIGHT at Sea.

NOW, for some ages, had the pride of Spain
Made the sun shine on half the world in vain;
While she bid war to all that durst supply
The place of those her cruelty made die.
Of Nature's bounty men forbore to taste;
And the best portion of the earth lay waste.
From the new world, her silver, and her gold
Came, like a tempest, to confound the old.
Feeding with these the brib'd Electors hopes,
Alone she gives us Emperors and Popes :
With these accomplishing her vast designs,
Europe was shaken with her Indian mines.

When Britain, looking with a just disdain
Upon this gilded majesty of Spain ;
And knowing well, that empire must decline,
Whose chief support and sinews are of coin ;
Our nation's solid virtue did oppose,
To the rich troublers of the world's repose.

And now some months, incamping on the main,
Our naval army had besieged Spain :
They that the whole world's monarchy design'd,
Are to their ports by our bold fleet confin'd ;
From whence our red cross they triumphant see,
Riding without a rival on the sea.

Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode :
Whose ready sails with ev'ry wind can fly,
And make a cov'nant with th' unconstant sky.
Our oaks secure, as if they there took root ;
We tread on billows with a steady foot.

Meanwhile, the Spaniards in America
Near to the line the sun approaching saw;
And hop'd their European coasts to find
Clear'd from our ships, by the autumnal wind;
Their huge capacious galleons, stuff'd with plate,
The lab'ring winds drive slowly tow'rd's their fate.
Before St Lucar they their guns discharge,
'To tell their joy, or to invite a barge;
This heard some ships of ours, (tho' out of view)
And, swift as eagles, to the quarry flew.
So headless lambs, which for their mothers bleat,
Wake hungry lions, and become their meat.

Arriv'd, they soon begin that tragic play,
And with their smoky cannons banish day;
Night, horror, slaughter, with confusion meets,
And in their sable arms embrace the fleets.
Thro' yielding planks the angry bullets fly,
And, of one wound, hundreds together die;
Born under diff'rent stars, one fate they have;
The ship their coffin, and the sea their grave!

Bold were the men which on the ocean first
Spread their new sails, when ship-wreck was the worst;
More danger now from man alone we find,
Than from the rocks, the billows, or the wind,
They that had sail'd from near th' Antarctic Pole,
Their treasure safe, and all their vessels whole,
In sight of their dear country ruin'd be,
Without the guilt of either rock, or sea!
What they would spare, our fiercer art destroys,
Surpassing storms in terror, and in noise.
Once Jove from Ida did both hosts survey,
And, when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray;

Here, heav'n in vain that kind retreat should found :
The louder cannon had the thunder drown'd.
Some we made prize; while others, burnt and rent,
With their rich lading to the bottom went :
Down sinks at once (so fortune with us sports!)
The pay of armies, and the pride of courts.
Vain man! whose rage buries as low that store,
As avarice had dig'd for it before :
What earth, in her dark bowels, could not keep
From greedy hands, lies safer in the deep :
Where Thetis kindly does from mortals hide
Those seeds of luxury, debate, and pride.

And now, into her lap the richest prize
Fell, with the noblest of our enemies :
The * Marquis, (glad to see the fire destroy
Wealth, that prevailing foes were to enjoy)
Out from his flaming ship his children sent,
To perish in a milder element :
Then laid him by his burning lady's side :
And, since he could not save her, with her dy'd.
Spices and gums about them melting fry,
And, phoenix-like, in that rich nest they die :
Alive, in flames of equal love they burn'd ;
And now together are to ashes turn'd.
Ashes! more worth than all their fun'ral coast ;
Than the huge treasure which was with them lost.
These dying lovers, and their floating sons,
Suspend the fight, and silence all our guns :
Beauty and youth, about to perish, finds
Such noble pity in brave English minds ;

* Of Bajadoz.

That, (the rich spoil forgot, their valour's prize,)
All labour now to save their enemies.

How frail our passions! how soon changed are
Our wrath and fury, to a friendly care!

They that but now for honour, and for plate,
Made the sea blush with blood, resign their hate;
And, their young foes endeavouring to retrieve,
With greater hazard than they fought, they dive.

With these returns victorious Montagu,
With laurels in his hand, and half Peru.
Let the brave generals divide that bough,
Our great Protector hath such wreaths enough;
His conqu'ring head has no more room for bays.
Then let it be, as the glad nation prays;
Let the rich ore forthwith be melted down,
And the state fix'd by making him a crown;
With ermin clad, and purple, let him hold
A royal sceptre, made of Spanish gold.

Upon the Death of the LORD PROTECTOR.

WE must resign! heav'n his great soul does claim
In storms as loud as his immortal fame!
His dying groans, his last breath shakes our isle;
And trees uncut fall for his fun'ral pile:
About his palace their broad roots are tost
Into the air.---So Romulus was lost!
New Rome in such a tempest miss'd her king;
And, from obeying, fell to worshipping.

On Oeta's top thus Hercules lay dead,
With ruin'd oaks, and pines, about him spread.
The poplar too, whose bough he wont to wear
On his victorious head, lay prostrate there.
Thence his last fury from the mountain rent :
Our dying hero, from the continent
Ravish'd whole towns; and forts from Spaniards rest,
As his last legacy to Britain left.
The ocean, which so long our hopes confin'd,
Could give no limits to his vaster mind,
Our bounds' enlargement was his latest toil;
Nor hath he left us pris'ners to our isle :
Under the Tropic is our language spoke;
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our yoke.
From civil broils he did us disengage;
Found nobler objects for our martial rage :
And, with wise conduct, to his country show'd
'The antient way of conquering abroad.

Ungrateful then ! if we no tears allow
To him, that gave us peace and empire too.
Princes that fear'd him grieve; concern'd to see
No pitch of glory from the grave is free.
Nature herself took notice of his death,
And, sighing, swell'd the sea with such a breath,
That, to remotest shores her billows roll'd,
Th' approaching fate of their great ruler told.

To the KING, upon his MAJESTY'S
happy Return.

THE rising sun complies with our weak sight,
First gilds the clouds, then shews his globe of light
At such a distance from our eyes, as tho'
He knew what harm his hasty beams would do.

But your full majesty at once breaks forth
In the meridian of your reign. Your worth,
Your youth, and all the splendor of your state,
(Wrapp'd up, till now, in clouds of adverse fate!)
With such a flood of light invade our eyes,
And our spread hearts with so great joy surprize;
That, if your grace incline that we should live,
You must not, Sir! too hastily forgive.
Our guilt preserves us from th' excess of joy,
Which scatters spirits, and would life destroy.
All are obnoxious! and this faulty land,
Like fainting Esther, does before you stand,
Watching your scepter: The revolted sea
Trembles, to think she did your foes obey.

Great Britain, like blind Polypheme, of late,
In a wild rage, became the scorn and hate
Of her proud neighbours; who began to think,
She, with the weight of her own force, would sink.
But you are come, and all their hopes are vain;
This giant-isle has got her eye again.
Now, she might spare the ocean; and oppose
Your conduct to the fiercest of her foes.
Naked, the Graces guarded you from all
Dangers abroad; and now your thunder shall.

Princes that saw you diff'rent passions prove;
For now they dread the object of their love;
Nor without envy can behold his height,
Whose conversation was their late delight.
So Semele, contented with the rape
Of Jove, disguised in a mortal shape;
When she beheld his hands with lightning fill'd,
And his bright rays, was with amazement kill'd.

And though it be our sorrow, and our crime,
To have accepted life so long a time
Without you here; yet does this absence gain
No small advantage to your present reign.
For, having view'd the persons and the things,
The councils, state, and strength of Europe's kings,
You know your work; ambition to restrain,
And set them bounds, as heav'n does to the main.
We have you now with ruling wisdom fraught,
Not such as books, but such as practise taught.
So the lost sun, while least by us enjoy'd,
Is the whole night, for our concern employ'd:
He ripens spices, fruit, and precious gums,
Which from remotest regions hither comes.

This feat of yours (from th' other world remov'd)
Had Archimedes known, he might have prov'd
His engine's force, fix'd here: Your pow'r and skill,
Make the world's motion wait upon your will.

Much-suff'ring monarch! the first English-born,
That has the crown of these three nations worn!
How has your patience, with the barb'rous rage
Of your own soil, contended half an age?
Till (your try'd virtue, and your sacred word
At last preventing your unwilling sword)

Armies, and fleets, which kept you out so long,
Own'd their great sovereign, and redress'd his wrong.
When strait the people, by no force compell'd,
Nor longer from their inclinations held,
Break forth at once, like powder set on fire;
And, with a noble rage, their King require.
So th' injur'd sea, which from her wonted course,
'To gain some acres, avarice did force,
If the new banks, neglected once, decay,
No longer will from her old channel stay;
Raging, the late-got land she overflows,
And all that's built upon't to ruin goes.

Offenders now, the chiefest, do begin
To strive for grace, and expiate their sin:
All winds blow fair, that did the world imbroid;
Your vipers treacle yield, and scorpions oil.
If then such praise the * Macedonian got,
For having rudely cut the Gordian knot;
What glory's due to him, that could divide
Such ravell'd int'rests? has the knot unty'd,
And without stroke so smooth a passage made,
Where craft, and malice, such impeachments laid?

But while we praise you, you ascribe it all
To his high hand, which threw the untouch'd wall
Of self-demolish'd Jericho so low:
His angel 'twas that did before you go;
'Tam'd savage hearts, and made affection yield,
Like ears of corn when wind salutes the field.

Thus, patience-crown'd, like Job's, your trouble ends,
Having your foes to pardon, and your friends:

* Alexander.

For, tho' your courage were so firm a rock,
 What private virtue could endure the shock?
 Like your great Master, you the storm withstood,
 And pity'd those who love with frailty shew'd.

Rude Indians, tort'ring all the royal race,
 Him with the throne, and dear-bought sceptre grace,
 That suffers best: What region could be found,
 Where your heroic head had not been crown'd?

The next experience of your mighty mind,
 Is, how you combat Fortune now she's kind:
 And this way too you are victorious found;
 She flatters with the same success she frown'd.
 While, to yourself severe, to others kind,
 With pow'r unbounded, and a will confin'd,
 Of this vast empire you possess the care,
 The softer parts fall to the people's share.
 Safety, and equal government, are things
 Which subjects make as happy as their kings.

Faith, law, and piety, (that banish'd train!)
 Justice and truth, with you return again:
 The city's trade, and country's easy life,
 Once more shall flourish, without fraud, or strife.
 Your reign no less assures the ploughman's peace,
 Than the warm sun advances his increase;
 And does the shepherds as securely keep
 From all their fears, as they preserve their sheep.

But above all, the Muse-inspired train
 Triumphant raise their drooping heads again:
 Kind heav'n at once, has in your person sent
 Their sacred judge, their guard, and argument.

*Nec magis expressi vultus per aenea signa,
 Quam per vatis opus mores, animique, virorum
 Clarorum apparent * * * Horat.*

On St. JAMES'S PARK, as lately improv'd
by his MAJESTY.

OF the first Paradise there's nothing found,
Plants set by heav'n are vanish'd, and the ground;
Yet the description lasts : Who knows the fate
Of lines that shall this Paradise relate ?

Instead of rivers rowling by the side
Of Eden's garden, here flows-in the tide :
The sea, which always serv'd his empire, now
Pays tribute to our Prince's pleasure too.
Of famous cities we the founders know ;
But rivers, old as seas to which they go,
Are Nature's bounty : 'Tis of more renown
To make a river, than to build a town.

For future shade, young trees upon the banks
Of the new stream appear in even ranks :
The voice of Orpheus, or Amphion's hand,
In better order could not make them stand.
May they increase as fast, and spread their boughs,
As the high fame of their great owner grows !
May he live long enough, to see them all
Dark shadows cast, and as his high palace tall !
Methinks I see the love that shall be made,
The lovers walking in that am'rous shade :
The gallants dancing by the river side ;
They bathe in summer, and in winter slide.
Methinks I hear the music in the boats,
And the loud echo which returns the notes :
While over-head a flock of new-sprung fowl
Hangs in the air, and does the sun controul,

Dark'ning the sky ; they hover o'er, and shroud
The wanton failors with a feather'd cloud.
Beneath, a shoal of silver fishes glides,
And plays about the gilded barges' sides :
'The ladies, angling in the chrystal lake,
Feast on the waters with the prey they take :
At once victorious with their lines, and eyes,
They make the fishes, and the men, their prize.
A thousand Cupids on the billows ride,
And sea-nymphs enter with the swelling tide :
From Thetis sent as spies, to make report,
And tell the wonders of her sov'reign's court.
All that can, living, feed the greedy eye,
Or dead, the palate, here you may descry :
The choicest things that furnish'd Noah's ark,
Or Peter's sheet, inhabiting this park :
All with a border of rich fruit-trees crown'd,
Whose loaded branches hide the lofty mound.
Such various ways the spacious alleys lead,
My doubtful Muse knows not what path to tread.
Yonder, the harvest of cold months laid up,
Gives a fresh coolness to the royal cup :
'There ice, like chrystal firm, and never lost,
Tempers hot July with December's frost ;
Winter's dark prison, whence he cannot fly,
Tho' the warm spring, his enemy, draws nigh.
Strange ! that extremes should thus preserve the snow,
High on the Alps, or in deep caves below.

Here, a well polish'd mall gives us the joy,
To see our prince his matchless force employ :
His manly posture, and his graceful mein,
Vigor, and youth, in all his motions seen ;

His shape so lovely and his limbs so strong,
 Confirm our hopes we shall obey him long.
 No sooner has he touch'd the flying ball,
 But 'tis already more than half the mall :
 And such a fury from his arm has got,
 As from a smoaking culverin 'twere shot.

Near this my Muse, what most delights her, sees
 A living gallery of aged trees :
 Bold sons of earth, that thrust their arms so high,
 As if once more they would invade the sky.
 In such green palaces the first kings reign'd,
 Slept in their shades, and angels entertain'd :
 With such old counsellors they did advise,
 And, by frequenting sacred groves, grew wise.
 Free from th' impediments of light, and noise,
 Man thus retir'd, his nobler thoughts employs.
 Here Charles contrives the ord'ring of his states,
 Here he resolves his neighb'ring princes' fates :
 What nation shall have peace, where war be made,
 Determin'd is in this oraculous shade ;
 The world, from India to the frozen north,
 Concern'd in what this solitude brings forth.
 His fancy objects from his view receives ;
 'The prospect thought, and contemplation, gives.
 That feat of empire here salutes his eye,
 To which three kingdoms do themselves apply ;
 The structure by a * prelate rais'd, White-hall,
 Built with the fortune of Rome's capitol :
 Both, disproportion'd to the present state
 Of their proud founders, were approv'd by fate.

* Cardinal Wolsey.

From hence he does that * antique pile behold,
 Where royal heads receive the sacred gold :
 It gives them crowns, and does their ashes keep ;
 There made like gods, like mortals there they sleep :
 Making the circle of their reign complete,
 Those suns of empire ! where they rise, they set.
 When others fell, this standing did presage
 The crown should triumph over popular rage :
 Hard by that † house where all our ills were shap'd,
 Th' auspicious temple stood, and yet escap'd.
 So, snow on Ætna does unmelted lie,
 Whence rowling flames, and scatter'd cinders, fly ;
 The distant country in the ruin shares,
 What falls from heav'n the burning mountain spares.
 Next, that ‡ capacious hall he sees, the room
 Where the whole nation does for justice come :
 Under whose large roof flourishes the gown,
 And judges grave, on high tribunals, frown.
 Here, like the people's pastor he does go,
 His flock subjected to his view below :
 On which reflecting in his mighty mind,
 No private passion does indulgence find ;
 The pleasures of his youth suspended are,
 And made a sacrifice to public care.
 Here, free from court-compliances, he walks ;
 And with himself, his best adviser, talks ;
 How peaceful olive may his temples shade,
 For mending laws, and for restoring trade :
 Or, how his brows may be with laurel charg'd,
 For nations conquer'd, and our bounds enlarg'd.

* Westminster-Abbey. † House of Commons.

‡ Westminster-Hall.

Of antient prudence here he ruminates,
 Of rising kingdoms, and of falling states :
 What ruling arts gave great Augustus fame ;
 And how Alcides purchas'd such a name.
 His eyes, upon his * native palace bent
 Close by, suggest a greater argument :
 His thoughts rise higher, when he does reflect
 On what the world may from that star expect,
 Which at his birth appear'd ; to let us see,
 Day, for his sake, could with the night agree :
 A prince, on whom such diff'rent lights did smile,
 Born the divided world to reconcile !
 Whatever heav'n, or high extracted blood
 Could promise, or foretel, he will make good :
 Reform these nations, and improve them more,
 Than this fair park, from what it was before.

On the Invasion and Defeat of the TURKS,
 in the Year 1683.

TH E modern Nimrod, with a safe delight
 Pursuing beasts, that save themselves by flight ;
 Grown proud, and weary of his wonted game,
 Would Christians chase, and sacrifice to fame.

A prince, with eunuchs, and the softer sex,
 Shut up so long, would warlike nations vex :
 Provoke the German, and, neglecting heav'n,
 Forget the truce for which his oath was giv'n.

* St James's.

His grand visier, presuming to invest
'The chief † imperial city of the west,
With the first charge compell'd in haste to rise,
His treasure, tents, and cannon, left a prize ;
'The standard lost, and Janizaries slain,
Render the hopes he gave his master vain.
'The flying Turks, that bring the tidings home,
Renew the mem'ry of his father's doom :
And his guard murmurs that so often brings
Down from the throne their unsuccessful Kings.

The trembling Sultan's forc'd to expiate
His own ill conduct by another's fate :
The Grand Visier, a tyrant, though a slave,
A fair example to his master gave ;
He Bassas' heads, to save his own, made fly,
And now, the Sultan to preserve, must die.

The fatal bow-string was not in his thought,
When, breaking truce, he so unjustly fought :
Made the world tremble with a num'rous host,
And of undoubted victory did boast.
Strangled he lies ! yet seems to cry aloud,
To warn the mighty, and instruct the proud ;
'That of the great, neglecting to be just,
Heav'n in a moment makes an heap of dust.

The Turks so low, why should the Christians lose
Such an advantage of their barb'rous foes ?
Neglect their present ruin to complete,
Before another Solyman they get ?
Too late they would with shame, repenting, dread
That num'rous herd, by such a lion led.

† Vienna.

He Rhodes and Buda from the Christians tore,
Which timely union might again restore.

But, sparing Turks, as if with rage possess'd,
The Christians perish, by themselves oppress'd :
Cities, and provinces, so dearly won,
That the victorious people are undone !

What angel shall descend to reconcile
The Christian states, and end their guilty toil ?
A Prince more fit from heav'n we cannot ask,
Than Britain's King, for such a glorious task ;
His dreadful navy, and his lovely mind,
Gives him the fear, and favour, of mankind.
His warrant does the Christian faith defend ;
On that relying, all their quarrels end.

The peace is sign'd, and Britain does obtain,
What Rome had sought from her fierce sons in vain.

In battles won, Fortune a part doth claim,
And soldiers have their portion in the fame ;
In this successful union, we find
Only the triumph of a worthy mind.

'Tis all accomplish'd by his royal word,
Without unsheathing the destructive sword ;
Without a tax upon his subjects laid,
Their peace disturb'd, their plenty, or their trade.
And what can they to such a Prince deny,
With whose desires the greatest Kings comply ?

The arts of peace are not to him unknown,
This happy way he march'd into the throne ;
And we owe more to heav'n, than to the sword,
The wish'd return of so benign a Lord.

Charles, by old Greece with a new freedom grac'd,
Above her antique heroes shall be plac'd.

What Theseus did, or Theban Hercules,
Holds no compare with this victorious peace ;
Which on the Turks shall greater honour gain,
Than all their giants, and their monsters, slain.
Those are bold tales, in fabulous ages told ;
This glorious act the living do behold.

To the Q U E E N, upon her M A J E S T Y'S
Birth-Day, after her happy Recovery
from a dangerous sickness.

FAREWELL the year ! which threaten'd so
The fairest light the world can show.
Welcome the new ! whose ev'ry day,
Restoring what was snatch'd away
By pining sickness from the pair,
That matchless beauty does repair ;
So fast, that the approaching spring,
(Which does to flow'ry meadows bring,
What the rude winter from them tore)
Shall give her all she had before.

But, we recover not so fast
The sense of such a danger past ;
We that esteem'd you sent from heav'n,
A pattern to this Island giv'n ;
To shew us what the bless'd do there ;
And what alive they practis'd here ;
! When that, which we immortal thought,
We saw so near destruction brought,
Felt all which you did then endure ;
And tremble yet, as not secure.

So, tho' the sun victorious be,
 And from a dark eclipse set free;
 The influence, which we fondly fear,
 Afflicts our thoughts the following year.

But, that which may relieve our care
 Is, that you have a help so near
 For all the evil you can prove;
 The kindness of your royal love.

He, that was never known to mourn,
 So many kingdoms from him torn,
 His tears reserv'd for you; more dear,
 More priz'd, than all those kingdoms were!
 For when no healing art prevail'd,
 When cordials and elixirs fail'd;
 On your pale cheek he drop'd the show'r,
 Reviv'd you like a dying flow'r.

Sung by Mrs KNIGHT, to her Majesty,
 on her Birth-Day.

THIS happy day two lights are seen,
 A glorious saint, a matchless Queen:
 Both nam'd alike, both crown'd appear,
 The Saint above, th' Infanta here,
 May all those years, which Catherine
 The Martyr did for heav'n resign,
 Be added to the line
 Of your blest life among us here!
 For all the pains that she did feel,
 And all the torments of her wheel,
 May you as many pleasures share!

May heav'n itself content
 With Catherine the faint !
 Without appearing old,
 An hundred times may you,
 With eyes as bright as now
 This welcome day behold !

Of Her M A J E S T Y, on N E W - Y E A R ' S
 D A Y 1683.

W H A T revolutions in the world have been,
 How are we chang'd, since we first saw the
 Queen !

She, like the sun, does still the same appear;
 Bright as she was at her arrival here !
 Time has commission mortals to impair,
 But things coelestial is oblig'd to spare.

May ev'ry new-year find her still the same,
 In health, and beauty, as she hither came !
 When Lords, and Commons, with united voice,
 Th' Infanta nam'd, approv'd the royal choice ;
 First of our Queens, whom not the King alone,
 But the whole nation, lifted to the throne.

With like consent, and like desert, was crown'd
 The * glorious prince, that does the Turk confound.
 Victorious both ! His conduct wins the day;
 And her example chafes vice away.
 Tho' louder fame attend the martial rage,
 'Tis greater glory to reform the age.

* John Sobieski K. of Poland.

Of TEA, commended by her MAJESTY.

VENUS her myrtle, Phoebus has his bays ;
 Tea both excels, which she vouchsafes to praise.
 The best of Queens, and best of herbs, we owe
 To that bold nation which the way did show
 To the fair region, where the sun does rise;
 Whose rich productions we so justly prize.
 The Muse's friend, Tea, does our fancy aid;
 Repress those vapours which the head invade;
 And keeps that palace of the soul serene,
 Fit, on her birth-day, to salute the Queen.

PROLOGUE for the Lady-Actors:
 Spoken before K. CHARLES II.

A MAZE us not with that majestic frown ;
 But lay aside the greatness of your crown !
 And for that look, which does your people awe,
 When in your throne, and robes, you give them law,
 Lay it by here ; and give a gentler smile !
 Such as we see great Jove's in picture, while
 He listens to Apollo's charming lyre,
 Or judges of the songs he does inspire.
 Comedians on the stage shew all their skill,
 And after do as love, and fortune, will :
 We are less careful, hid in this disguise ;
 In our own cloaths more serious, and more wise.
 Modest at home, upon the stage more bold ;
 We seem warm lovers, tho' our breasts be cold.

A fault committed here deserves no scorn,
If we act well the parts to which we're born.

Of her Royal HIGHNESS, Mother to the
Prince of ORANGE; and of her Portrait
written by the late Dutchess of YORK,
while she liv'd with her.

HEROIC Nymph! in tempests the support,
In peace the glory of the British court!
Into whose arms the church, the state, and all
That precious is, or sacred here, did fall.
Ages to come, that shall your bounty hear,
Will think you mistress of the Indies were:
'Tho' straiter bounds your fortune did confine,
In your large heart was found a wealthy mine:
Like the blest oil, the widow's lasting feast,
Your treasure, as you pour'd it out, increas'd.
While some your beauty, some your bounty sing,
Your native isle does with your praises ring:
But above all, a Nymph of your own train,
Gives us your character in such a strain,
As none but she, who in that court did dwell,
Could know such worth; or worth describe so well.
So, while we mortals here at heav'n do guess,
And more our weakness, than the place, express;
Some angel, a domestic there, comes down,
And tells the wonders he hath seen, and known.

* Lady Anne Hyde.

To the Dutcheſs of ORLEANS, when ſhe
was taking leave of the Court at DOVER.

THAT fun of beauty did among us riſe,
England firſt ſaw the light of your fair eyes.
In Engliſh too your early wit was ſhown;
Favour that language! which was then your own,
When, tho' a child, thro' guards you made your way:
What fleet, or army, could an angel ſtay?
Thrice happy Britain! if ſhe could retain,
Whom ſhe firſt bred within her ambient main.
Our late-burnt London, in apparel new,
Shook off her aſhes to have treated you;
But we muſt ſee our glory ſnatch'd away,
And with warm tears increaſe the guilty ſea;
No wind can favour us; howe'er it blows,
We muſt be wreck'd, and our dear treaſure loſe!
Sighs will not let us half our ſorrows tell-----
Fair, lovely, great, and beſt of nymphs, farewel!

Upon her * MAJESTY'S New-buildings at
SOMERSET-HOUSE.

GREAT Queen! that does our iſland bleſs,
With princes, and with palaces;
Treated ſo ill, chas'd from your throne,
Returning, you adorn the town;

* Henrietta Maria, Qu. Dowager of K. Charles I.

And, with a brave revenge, do show
Their glory went, and came, with you.

While peace from hence, and you were gone,
Your houses in that storm o'erthrown,
Those wounds which civil rage did give,
At once you pardon, and relieve.

Constant to England in your love,
As birds are to their wonted grove;
Tho' by rude hands their nests are spoil'd,
There, the next spring again they build.

Accusing some malignant star,
Not Britain, for that fatal war;
Your kindness banishes your fear,
Resolv'd to fix for ever here.

But what new mine this work supplies;
Can such a pile from ruin rise?
This like the first creation shows,
As if at your command it rose.

Frugality, and bounty too,
(Those diff'ring virtues) meet in you;
From a confin'd, well-manag'd, store,
Youth both employ, and feed, the poor.

Let foreign princes vainly boast
The rude effects of pride, and cost;
Of vaster fabrics, to which they
Contribute nothing, but the pay.

This, by the Queen herself design'd,
Gives us a pattern of her mind:
The state, and order, does proclaim
The genius of that royal dame.
Each part with just proportion grac'd,
And all to such advantage plac'd;

That the fair view her window yields,
The town, the river, and the fields,
Entring, beneath us we descry;
And wonder how we came so high.

She needs no weary steps ascend:
All seems before her feet to bend:
And here, as she was born, she lies;
High, without taking pains to rise.

Of a T R E E cut in P A P E R.

F A I R hand! that can on virgin-paper write,
Yet, from the stain of ink, preserve it white:
Whose travel o'er that silver field does show,
Like track of leverets in morning-snow.
Love's image thus in purest minds is wrought,
Without a spot, or blemish, to the thought.
Strange that your fingers should the pencil foil,
Without the help of colours, or of oil!
For, tho' a painter boughs and leaves can make;
'Tis you alone can make them bend and shake;
Whose breath salutes your new-created grove,
Like southern winds, and makes it gently move.
Orpheus could make the forest dance; but you
Can make the motion, and the forest too.

To a LADY, from whom he received the foregoing Copy, which for many years had been lost.

NOTHING lies hid from radiant eyes ;
All they subdue become their spies ;
Secrets, as choicest jewels, are
Presented to oblige the fair :
No wonder then, that a lost thought
Should there be found, where souls are caught.

The picture of fair Venus, (that,
For which men say the goddess sat)
Was lost, till Lely from your look
Again that glorious image took.

If Virtue's self were lost, we might
From your fair mind new copies write :
All things, but one, you can restore ;
The heart you get returns no more.

Of the Lady MARY, Princess of
ORANGE.

AS once the lion honey gave,
Out of the strong such sweetness came ;
A royal hero, no less brave,
Produc'd this sweet, this lovely dame.

To her, the prince that did oppose
 Such mighty armies in the field,
 And Holland from prevailing foes
 Could so well free, himself does yield.

Not Belgia's fleet (his high command)
 Which triumphs where the sun does rise;
 Nor all the force he leads by land,
 Could guard him from her conqu'ring eyes.

Orange, with youth, experience has;
 In action young, in council old:
 Orange is what Augustus was,
 Brave, wary, provident, and bold.

On that fair tree which bears his name,
 Blossoms, and fruit, at once are found:
 In him we all admire the same,
 His flow'ry youth with wisdom crown'd!

Empire, and freedom, reconcil'd
 In Holland are, by great Nassau:
 Like those he sprung from, just, and mild,
 To willing people he gives law.

Thrice happy pair! so near ally'd,
 In royal blood and virtue too!
 Now Love has you together ty'd,
 May none this triple knot undo!

The church shall be the happy place,
 Where streams which from the same source run,
 Though divers lands a while they grace,
 Unite again, and are made one.

A thousand thanks the nation owes
To him that does protect us all :
For, while he thus his niece bestows,
About our isle he builds a wall;

A wall! like that which Athens had,
By th' oracle's advice, of wood :
Had theirs been such as Charles has made,
That mighty state till now had stood.

Of E N G L I S H V E R S E.

POETS may boast, as safely vain,
Their work shall with the world remain :
Both bound together, live, or die,
The verses, and the prophecy.

But who can hope his lines should long
Last, in a daily changing tongue ?
While they are new, envy prevails;
And as that dies, our language fails.

When architects have done their part,
The matter may betray their art :
Time, if we use ill chosen stone,
Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets that lasting marble seek,
Must crave in Latin, or in Greek :
We write in sand, our language grows,
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

Chaucer his sense can only boast;
 The glory of his numbers lost!
 Years have defac'd his matchless strain;
 And yet he did not sing in vain,

The beauties which adorn'd that age,
 The shining subjects of his rage,
 Hoping they should immortal prove,
 Rewarded with success his love.

This was the generous poet's scope;
 And all an English pen can hope;
 To make the fair approve his flame,
 That can so far extend their fame.

Verse, thus design'd, has no ill fate,
 If it arrive but at the date
 Of fading beauty; if it prove
 But as long-liv'd as present love.

Upon the Earl of Roscommon's Trans-
 lation of HORACE, De Arte Poetica:
 And of the Use of Poetry.

ROME was no better by her Horace taught,
 Than we are here to comprehend his thought:
 The poet writ to noble Piso there;
 A noble Piso does instruct us here:
 Gives us a pattern in his flowing stile;
 And with rich precepts does oblige our isle.

Britain! whose genius is in verse express'd;
Bold and sublime; but negligently dress'd.

Horace will our superfluous branches prune,
Give us new rules, and set our harp in tune;
Direct us how to back the winged horse,
Favour his flight, and moderate his force.

Though poets may of inspiration boast,
Their rage, ill govern'd, in the clouds is lost.
He that proportion'd wonders can disclose,
At once his fancy, and his judgment, shows.
Chaste moral writing we may learn from hence;
Neglect of which no wit can recompence.
The fountain which from Helicon proceeds,
That sacred stream! should never water weeds;
Nor make the crop of thorns and thistles grow;
Which envy, or perverted nature, sow.

Well-sounding verses are the charm we use,
Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuse:
Things of deep sense we may in prose unfold;
But they move more in lofty numbers told:
By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,
We learn that sound, as well as sense, persuades.

The Muse's friend, unto himself severe,
With silent pity looks on all that err:
But where a brave, a public action shines,
That he rewards with his immortal lines.
Whether it be in council or in fight,
His country's honour is his chief delight:
Praise of great acts he scatters as a seed,
Which may the like in coming ages breed.

Here taught the fate of verses, (always priz'd
With admiration, or as much despis'd)

Men will be less indulgent to their faults;
 And patience have to cultivate their thoughts.
 Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
 Could it be known what they discreetly blot:
 Finding new words, that to the ravish'd ear
 May like the language of the gods appear;
 Such as, of old, wise bards employ'd, to make
 Unpolish'd men their wild retreats forsake:
 Law-giving heroes, fam'd for taming brutes,
 And raising cities with their charming lutes.
 For rudest minds with harmony were caught,
 And civil life was by the Muses taught.
 So, wand'ring bees would perish in the air,
 Did not a sound, proportion'd to their ear,
 Appease their rage, invite them to the hive,
 Unite their force, and teach them how to thrive:
 To rob the flow'rs, and to forbear the spoil;
 Preserv'd in winter by their summer's toil:
 They give us food, which may with nectar vie,
 And wax, that does the absent sun supply.

Ad COMITEM MONUMETENSEM, de
 BENTIVOGLIO suo.

FLORIBUS Angligenis non hanc tibi necto co-
 rollam,

Cum satis indigenis te probet ipse liber:
 Per me Roma sciet tibi se debere, quod Anglo
 Romanus didicit cultius ore loqui.
 Ultima quae tellus Aquilas duce Caesare vidit,
 Candida Romulidum te duce scripta videt.

Confilio ut quondam patriam nil juveris, esto!
 Sed studio cives ingenioque juvas.
 Namque dolis liber hic instructus, et arte Batava,
 A Belga nobis ut caveamus, ait.
 Horremus per te civilis dira furoris
 Vulnera ; discordes Flandria quassa monet.
 Hic discat miles pugnare, orare senator ;
 Qui regnant, leni sceptrum tenere manu.
 Maeste, Comes! virtute nova; vestri ordinis ingens
 Ornamentum, aevi deliciae tui!
 Dum stertunt alii, somno vinoque sepulti,
 Nobilis antiquo stemmate digna facis.

To Mr KILLEGREW, upon his altering his
 Play PANDORA, from a Tragedy into a Co-
 medy, because not approv'd on the stage.

S I R, you should rather teach our age the way
 Of judging well, than thus have chang'd your play :
 You had oblig'd us by employing wit,
 Not to reform Pandora, but the pit.
 For, as the nightingale, without the throng
 Of other birds, alone attends her song ;
 While the loud daw, his throat displaying, draws
 The whole assembly of his fellow-daws :
 So must the writer, whose productions should
 Take with the vulgar, be of vulgar mould :
 Whilst nobler fancies make a flight too high
 For common view, and lessen as they fly.

On the Duke of MONMOUTH's Expedition
into SCOTLAND, in the Summer Solstice.

SWIFT as Jove's messenger, (* the winged god)
With sword as potent as his charming rod,
He flew to execute the king's command :
And, in a moment, reach'd that northern land ;
Where day, contending with approaching night,
Assists the hero with continued light.

On foes surpris'd, and by no night conceal'd,
He might have rush'd ; but noble pity held
His hand a while, and to their choice gave space,
Which they would prove, his valour, or his grace.
This not well heard, his cannon louder spoke ;
And then, like lightning, thro' that cloud he broke.
His fame, his conduct, and that martial look,
The guilty SCOTS with such a terror strook ;
That to his courage they resign the field,
Who to his bounty had refus'd to yield.
Glad that so little loyal blood it cost,
He grieves so many BRITONS should be lost :
Taking more pains, when he beheld them yield,
To save the flyers, than to win the field :
And at the court his int'rest does employ,
That none, who scap'd his fatal sword, should die.

And now, these rash bold men their error find,
Not trusting one beyond his promise kind :
One ! whose great mind, so bountiful, and brave,
Had learn'd the art to conquer, and to save.

* Mercury.

In vulgar breasts no royal virtues dwell ;
 Such deeds as these his high extraction tell ;
 And give a secret joy to * him that reigns,
 To see his blood triumph in MONMOUTH's veins :
 To see a leader whom he got, and chose,
 Firm to his friends, and fatal to his foes.

But seeing envy, like the sun, does beat,
 With scorching rays, on all that's high, and great :
 This, ill-requited MONMOUTH ! is the bough
 The Muses fend, to shade thy conqu'ring brow.
 Lampoons, like squibs, may make a present blaze ;
 But time, and thunder, pay respect to bays.
 Achilles' arms dazzle our present view ;
 Kept by the Muse as radiant, and as new,
 As from the forge of Vulcan first they came :
 Thousands of years are past, and they the same.
 Such care she takes, to pay desert with fame !
 Than which, no Monarch, for his crown's defence,
 Knows how to give a nobler recompence.

To a Friend of the Author, a Person of
 Honour, who lately writ a Religious
 Book, intitled, ' Historical Applications,
 ' and occasional Meditations upon seve-
 ' ral subjects.'

B O L D is the man that dares engage
 For piety, in such an age !
 Who can presume to find a guard
 From scorn, when heav'n's so little spar'd ?

* K. Charles II.

Divines are pardon'd ; they defend
 Altars on which their lives depend :
 But the profane impatient are,
 When nobler pens make this their care :
 For why should these let in a beam
 Of divine light, to trouble them ;
 And call in doubt their pleasing thought,
 That none believes what we are taught ?
 High birth, and fortune, warrant give
 That such men write what they believe :
 And, feeling first what they indite,
 New credit give to antient light.
 Amongst these few, our author brings
 His well known pedigree, from kings.
 This book, the image of his mind,
 Will make his name not hard to find :
 I wish the throng of great, and good,
 Made it less eas'ly understood !

To a Person of Honour, upon his incompa-
 rable, incomprehensible Poem, intituled,
 THE BRITISH PRINCES.

SIR ! you've oblig'd the BRITISH nation more,
 Then all their bards could ever do before ;
 And, at your own charge, monuments as hard
 As brass, or marble, to your fame, have rear'd.
 For, as all warlike nations take delight
 To hear how their brave ancestors could fight ;
 You have advanc'd to wonder their renown,
 And no less virtuously improv'd your own :

That 'twill be doubtful, whether you do write,
Or they have acted, at a nobler height.
You, of your antient princes, have retriev'd
More, than the ages knew in which they liv'd :
Explain'd their customs, and their rights a-new,
Better than all their Druids ever knew :
Unriddled those dark oracles, as well
As those, that made them, could themselves foretel.
For, as the Britons long have hop'd in vain,
Arthur would come to govern them again :
You have fulfill'd that prophecy alone,
And in your poem plac'd him on his throne.
Such magic pow'r has your prodigious pen,
To raise the dead, and give new life to men ;
Make rival princes meet in arms, and love,
Whom distant ages did so far remove.
For, as eternity has neither past,
Nor future, authors say, nor first, nor last ;
But is all instant ; your eternal Muse
All ages can to any one reduce.
Then, why should you, whose miracles of art
Can life at pleasure to the dead impart,
Trouble in vain your better-busied head,
T' observe what times they liv'd in, or were dead ?
For since you have such arbitrary pow'r,
It were defect in judgment to go low'r ;
Or stoop to things so pitifully lewd,
As use to take the vulgar latitude.
For, no man's fit to read what you have writ,
That holds not some proportion with your wit ;
As light can no way but by light appear :
He must bring sense that understands it here.

TO MR CREECH, ON HIS TRANSLATION OF
LUCRETIVS.

WHAT all men wish'd, tho' few could hope to see,
We are now blest with, and oblig'd by thee.
Thou, from the ancient learned Latin store,
Giv'st us one author, and we hope for more.
May they enjoy thy thoughts !-----Let not the stage
The idlest moment of thy hours engage.
Each year that place some wond'rous monster breeds,
And the Wits' garden is o'er-run with weeds.
There, farce is comedy ; bombast call'd strong ;
Soft words, with nothing in them, make a song.
'Tis hard to say they steal them now-a-days ;
For sure the ancients never wrote such plays.
These scribbling insects have what they deserve,
Not plenty, nor the glory for to starve.
That Spencer knew, that Tasso felt before ;
And death found furly Ben exceeding poor.
Heav'n turn the omen from their image here !
May he with joy the well-plac'd laurel wear !
Great Virgil's happier fortune may he find,
And be our Caesar, like Augustus, kind !

But let not this disturb thy tuneful head ;
Thou writ'st for thy delight, and not for bread :
Thou art not curst to write thy verse with care ;
But art above what other poets fear.
What may we not expect from such a hand,
That has, with books, himself at free command ?
'Thou know'st in youth, what age has sought in vain ;
And bringst forth sons without a mother's pain.

So easy is thy sense, thy verse so sweet,
 Thy words so proper, and thy phrase so fit;
 We read, and read again; and still admire
 Whence came this youth, and whence this wondrous
 Pardon this rapture, Sir! but who can be [fire!
 Cold, and unmov'd, yet have his thoughts on thee?
 Thy goodness may my several faults forgive,
 And by your help these wretched lines may live.
 But if, when view'd by your severer sight,
 They seem unworthy to behold the light;
 Let them with speed in deserv'd flames be thrown!
 They'll send no sighs, nor murmur out a groan;
 But, dying silently, your justice own.

The TRIPLE COMBAT.

WHEN thro' the world fair Mazarine had run,
 Bright as her fellow-traveller, the sun;
 Hither at length the Roman eagle flies,
 As the last triumph of her conqu'ring eyes.
 As heir to Julius, she may pretend
 A second time to make this island bend.
 But Portsmouth, springing from the antient race
 Of Britons, which the Saxons here did chase;
 As they great Caesar did oppose, makes head,
 And does against this new invader lead.
 That goodly nymph, the taller of the two,
 Careless, and fearless, to the field does go.
 Becoming blushes on the other wait,
 And her young look excuses want of height.

Beauty gives courage; for, she knows, the day
Must not be won the Amazonian way.
Legions of Cupids to the battle come,
For Little Britain these, and those for Rome,
Dress'd to advantage, this illustrious pair,
Arriv'd, for combat in the list appear.
What may the fates design! for never yet
From distant regions two such beauties met.
Venus had been an equal friend to both,
And vict'ry to declare herself seems loth:
Over the camp with doubtful wings she flies;
'Till Chloris shining in the field she spies.
The lovely Chloris well attended came,
A thousand Graces waited on the dame:
Her matchless form made all the English glad,
And foreign beauties less assurance had.
Yet, like the three on Ida's top, they all
Pretend alike, contesting for the ball.
Which to determine, Love himself declin'd,
Lest the neglected should become less kind.
Such killing looks! so thick the arrows fly!
That 'tis unsafe to be a stander-by.
Poets, approaching to describe the fight,
Are by their wounds instructed how to write.
They with less hazard might look on, and draw
The ruder combats in Alsatia:
And, with that foil of violence, and rage,
Set off the splendor of our golden age:
Where love gives law, beauty the sceptre sways;
And, uncompell'd, the happy world obeys.

Of an ELEGY made by Mrs WHARTON ON
the EARL of ROCHESTER.

THUS mourn the Muses ! on the herse
Not strowing tears, but lasting verse :
Which so preserve the hero's name,
They make him live again in fame.

Chloris, in lines so like his own,
Gives him so just, and high, renown ;
That she th' afflicted world relieves,
And shews, that still in her he lives.
Her wit as graceful, great, and good :
Ally'd in genius, as in blood.

His loss supply'd, now all our fears
Are, that the nymph should melt in tears.
Then, fairest Chloris ! comfort take,
For his, your own, and for our sake ;
Lest his fair soul, that lives in you,
Should from the world for ever go.

TO CHLORIS.

CH L O R I S ! what's eminent, we know,
Must for some cause be valu'd so :
Things without use, tho' they be good,
Are not by us so understood.
The early rose, made to display
Her blushes to the youthful May,

Doth yield her sweets, since he is fair,
And courts her with a gentle air.
Our stars do shew their excellence,
Not by their light, but influence :
When brighter comets, since still known
Fatal to all, are lik'd by none.
So, your admired beauty still
Is, by effects, made good, or ill.

Upon our late Loss of the Duke of
CAMBRIDGE,

TH E failing blossoms which a young plant bears,
Engage our hope for the succeeding years :
And hope is all which art, or nature, brings,
At the first trial, to accomplish things.
Mankind was first created an essay ;
That ruder draught the deluge wash'd away.
How many ages pass'd, what blood, and toil,
Before we made one kingdom of this isle !
How long in vain had nature striv'd to frame
A perfect princess, e'er her Highness came ?
For joys so great we must with patience wait,
'Tis the set price of happiness complete.
As a first fruit, heav'n claim'd that lovely boy ;
The next shall live, and be the nation's joy.

L

Instructions to a PAINTER, for the Drawing of the Posture, and Progress, of his MAJESTY'S Forces at Sea, under the Command of his HIGHNESS-ROYAL: Together with the Battle, and Victory, obtain'd over the DUTCH, June 3. 1665.

FIRST draw the sea; that portion, which between
The greater world, and this of ours, is seen:
Here place the British, there the Holland fleet,
Vast floating armies! both prepar'd to meet.
Draw the whole world, expecting who should reign,
After this combat, o'er the conquer'd main.
Make heav'n concern'd, and an unusual star
Declare th' importance of th' approaching war.
Make the sea shine with gallantry, and all
The English youth flock to their admiral,
The valiant Duke! whose early deeds abroad,
Such rage in fight, and art in conduct show'd.
His bright sword now a dearer int'rest draws,
His brother's glory, and his country's cause.

Let thy bold pencil hope and courage spread
Thro' the whole navy, by that hero led:
Make all appear, where such a prince is by,
Resolv'd to conquer, or resolv'd to die.
With his extraction, and his glorious mind,
Make the proud sails swell, more than with the wind:
Preventing cannon, make his louder fame
Check the Batavians, and their fury tame.
So hungry wolves, tho' greedy of their prey,
Stop, when they find a lion in their way.

Make him bestride the ocean, and mankind
 Ask his consent, to use the sea and wind :
 While his tall ships in the barr'd channel stand,
 He grasps the Indies in his armed hand.

Paint an east-wind, and make it blow away
 Th' excuse of Holland for their navy's stay :
 Make them look pale, and, the bold prince to shun,
 Thro' the cold north, and rocky regions run.
 To find the coast where morning first appears,
 By the dark Pole the wary Belgian steers ;
 Confessing now, he dreads the English more,
 Than all the dangers of a frozen shore ;
 While from our arms, security to find,
 They fly so far, they leave the day behind.
 Describe their fleet abandoning the sea,
 And all their merchants left a wealthy prey ;
 Our first success in war make Bacchus crown,
 And half the vintage of the year our own.
 The Dutch their wine, and all their brandy lose ;
 Disarm'd of that, from which their courage grows :
 While the glad English, to relieve their toil,
 In healths to their great leader drink the spoil.

His high commands to Afric's coast extend,
 And make the Moors before the English bend :
 Those barb'rous pirates willingly receive
 Conditions, such as we are pleas'd to give.
 Deserted by the Dutch, let nations know,
 We can our own, and their great business do :
 False friends chastise, and common foes restrain,
 Which, worse than tempests, did infest the main.
 Within those streights, make Holland's Smyrna fleet
 With a small squadron of the English meet :

Like falcons these, those like a numerous flock
Of fowl, which scatter to avoid the shock.
There paint confusion in a various shape :
Some sink, some yield, and, flying, some escape :
Europe, and Africa, from either shore
Spectators are, and hear our cannon roar :
While the divided world in this agree,
Men that fight so, deserve to rule the sea.

But, nearer home, thy pencil use once more,
And place our navy by the Holland shore ;
The world they compass'd, while they fought with
But here already they resign the main : [Spain ;
Those greedy mariners, out of whose way
Diffusive nature could no region lay,
At home, preserv'd from rocks and tempests, lie ;
Compell'd like others, in their beds to die ;
Their single towns th' Iberian armies press'd ;
We all their provinces at once invest :
And, in a month, ruin their traffic more,
Than that long war could, in an age, before.

But who can always on the billows lie ?
The wat'ry wilderness yields no supply.
Spreading our sails, to Harwich we resort,
And meet the beauties of the British court.
Th' illustrious Duchess, and her glorious train,
(Like Thetis, with her nymphs) adorn the main.
The gazing sea-gods, since the * Paphian queen
Sprung from among them, no such sight had seen.
Charm'd with the graces of a troop so fair,
Those deathless pow'rs for us themselves declare :

* Venus.

Resolv'd the aid of Neptune's court to bring;
 And help the nation where such beauties spring:
 The foldier here his wasted store supplies,
 And takes new valour from the ladies' eyes.

Meanwhile, like bees when stormy winter's gone,
 The Dutch (as if the sea were all their own)
 Desert their ports; and falling in their way,
 Our Hamburgh merchants are become their prey.
 Thus flourish they, before th' approaching fight:
 As dying tapers give a blazing light.

To check their pride, our fleet half victual'd goes;
 Enough to serve us till we reach our foes.
 Who now appear so numerous and bold,
 The action worthy of our arms we hold.
 A greater force than that which here we find,
 Ne'er press'd the ocean, nor employ'd the wind.
 Restrain'd a while by the unwelcome night,
 Th' impatient English scarce attend the light.
 But now the morning, (heav'n severely clear!)
 To the fierce work indulgent does appear:
 And Phoebus lifts above the waves his light,
 That he might see, and thus record, the fight.

As when loud winds from diff'rent quarters rush,
 Vast clouds incouat'ring one another crush:
 With swelling sails, so, from their sev'ral coasts,
 Join the Batavian and the British hosts.
 For a less prize, with less concern and rage,
 The Roman fleets at Actium did engage:
 They, for the empire of the world they knew;
 These, for the old contend, and for the new.
 At the first shock, with blood and powder stain'd,
 Nor heav'n, nor sea, their former face retain'd:

Fury and art produce effects so strange,
They trouble nature, and her visage change.
Where burning ships the banish'd sun supply,
And no light shines, but that by which men die;
There York appears; so prodigal is he
Of royal blood, as antient as the sea!
Which down to him, so many ages told,
Has through the veins of mighty monarchs roll'd!
The great Achilles march'd not to the field,
Till Vulcan that impenetrable shield,
And arms, had wrought: Yet there no bullets flew;
But shafts and darts, which the weak Phrygians threw.
Our bolder hero on the deck does stand
Expos'd, the bulwark of his native land:
Defensive arms laid by, as uselefs here,
Where massy balls the neighb'ring rocks do tear.
Some pow'r unseen those princes does protect,
Who for their country thus themselves neglect.

Against him first Opdam his squadron leads,
Proud of his late success against the Swedes:
Made by that action, and his high command,
Worthy to perish by a prince's hand.
The tall Batavian in a vast ship rides,
Bearing an army in her hollow sides;
Yet not inclin'd the English ship to board,
More on his guns relies, than on his sword;
From whence a fatal volley we receiv'd,
It miss'd the duke, but his great heart it griev'd:
Three * worthy persons from his side it tore,
And dy'd his garment with their scatter'd gore.

* Earl of Falmouth, Lord Muskerry, and Mr Boyle.

Happy! to whom this glorious death arrives;
 More to be valu'd than a thousand lives!
 On such a theatre as this to die;
 For such a cause, and such a witness by!
 Who would not thus a sacrifice be made,
 To have his blood on such an altar laid?
 The rest about him strook with horror stood,
 To see their leader cover'd o'er with blood:
 So trembled Jacob, when he thought the stains
 Of his son's coat had issu'd from his veins.
 He feels no wound, but in his troubled thought;
 Before, for honour; now revenge, he fought:
 His friends in pieces torn, (the bitter news
 Not brought by fame) with his own eyes he views.
 His mind at once reflecting on their youth,
 Their worth, their love, their valour, and their truth:
 The joys of court, their mothers, and their wives,
 To follow him, abandon'd,---and their lives!
 He storms and shoots; but flying bullets now,
 To execute his rage, appear too slow.
 They miss, or sweep but common souls away;
 For such a loss, Opdam his life must pay.
 Encouraging his men, he gives the word,
 With fierce intent that hated ship to board;
 And make the guilty Dutch, with his own arm,
 Wait on his friends, while yet their blood is warm.
 His winged vessel like an eagle shows,
 When through the clouds to truss a swan she goes.
 The Belgian ship unmov'd, like some huge rock
 Inhabiting the sea, expects the shock.
 From both the fleets men's eyes are bent this way,
 Neglecting all the bus'ness of the day.

Bullets their flight, and guns their noise suspend ;
The silent ocean does th' event attend ;
Which leader shall the doubtful vict'ry bless,
And give an earnest of the war's success :
When heav'n itself, for England to declare,
Turns ship, and men, and tackle into air.

Their new commander from his charge is tost,
Which * that young Prince had so unjustly lost,
Whose great progenitors, with better fate,
And better conduct, sway'd their infant state.
His flight tow'rds heav'n th' aspiring Belgian took ;
But fell, like Phaeton, with thunder strook.
From vaster hopes than his he seem'd to fall,
That durst attempt the British admiral.
From her broadsides a ruder flame is thrown,
'Than from the fiery chariot of the sun :
'That, bears the radiant ensign of the day ;
And she, the flag that governs in the sea.

The Duke, (ill pleas'd that fire should thus prevent
The work, which for his brighter sword he meant)
Anger still burning in his valiant breast,
Goes to compleat revenge upon the rest.
So on the guardless herd, their keeper slain,
Rushes a tyger in the Lybian plain.
The Dutch, accusom'd to the raging sea,
And in black storms the frowns of heav'n to see,
Never met tempest which more urg'd their fears,
Than that which in the Prince's look appears.
Fierce, goodly, young, Mars he resembles, when
Jove sends him down to scourge perfidious men :

* Prince of Orange.

Such as with foul ingratitude have paid,
 Both those that led, and those that gave them aid.
 Where he goes on, disposing of their fates,
 Terror and death on his loud cannon waits.
 With which he pleads his brother's cause so well,
 He shakes the throne to which he does appeal.
 The sea with spoils his angry bullets strow,
 Widows and orphans making as they go :
 Before his ship, fragments of vessels torn,
 Flags, arms, and Belgian carcasses are born ;
 And his despairing foes, to flight inclin'd,
 Spread all their canvas to invite the wind.
 So the rude Boreas, where he lists to blow,
 Makes clouds above, and billows fly below,
 Beating the shore ; and with a boist'rous rage,
 Does heav'n at once, and earth, and sea engage.

The Dutch, elsewhere, did thro' the wat'ry field
 Perform enough to have made others yield ;
 But English courage, growing as they fight,
 In danger, noise, and slaughter, takes delight :
 Their bloody task, unwearied still, they ply,
 Only restrain'd by death, or victory.
 Iron, and lead, from earth's dark entrails torn,
 Like showr's of hail, from either side are born :
 So high the rage of wretched mortals goes,
 Hurling their mother's bowels at their foes !
 Ingenious to their ruin, ev'ry age
 Improves the arts, and instruments, of rage :
 Death-hast'ning ills Nature enough has sent,
 And yet men still a thousand more invent !

But Bacchus now, who led the Belgians on
 So fierce at first, to favour us begun :

Brandy, and wine, (their wonted friends) at length
Render them uselefs, and betray their strength.
So corn in fields, and in the garden flow'rs,
Revive, and raise themselves, with mod'rate show'rs;
But over-charg'd with never-ceasing rain,
Become too moist, and bend their heads again.
Their reeling ships on one another fall,
Without a foe enough to ruin all.
Of this disorder, and the fav'ring wind,
The watchful English such advantage find:
Ships fraught with fire among the heap they throw,
And up the so entangled Belgians blow.
The flame invades the powder-rooms; and then,
Their guns shoots bullets, and their vessels men,
The scorch'd Batavians on the billows float;
Sent from their own, to pass in Charon's, boat.

And now, our Royal Admiral success
(With all the marks of victory) does bless;
The burning ships, the taken, and the slain,
Proclaim his triumph o'er the conquer'd main.
Nearer to Holland as their hasty flight
Carries the noise, and tumult, of the fight;
His cannons roar, fore-runner of his fame,
Makes their Hague tremble, and their Amsterdam;
The British thunder does their houses rock,
And the Duke seems at ev'ry door to knock.
His dreadful streamer (like a comet's hair,
Threat'ning destruction) hastens their despair;
Makes them deplore their scatter'd fleet as lost;
And fear our present landing on their coast.

The trembling Dutch th' approaching Prince behold,
As sheep a lion, leaping tow'rd's their fold;

Those piles which serve them to repel the main,
They think too weak his fury to restrain.

“ What wonders may not English valour work,

“ Led by th’ example of victorious York?

“ Or, what defence against him can they make,

“ Who, at such distance, does their country shake ?

“ His fatal hand their bulwarks will o’erthrow ;

“ And let in both the ocean, and the foe.”

Thus cry the people :-----and their land to keep,

Allow our title to command the deep :

Blaming their states’ ill conduct, to provoke

Those arms, which freed them from the Spanish yoke.

Painter ! excuse me, if I have a-while

Forgot thy art and us’d another style :

For, tho’ you draw arm’d heroes as they sit ;

The task in battle does the Muses fit :

They, in the dark confusion of a fight,

Discover all ; instruct us how to write ;

And light, and honour, to brave actions yield ;

Hid in the smoke, and tumult, of the field.

Ages to come shall know that leader’s toil,

And his great name on whom the Muses smile :

Their dictates here let thy fam’d pencil trace ;

And this relation with thy colours grace.

Then draw the parliament, the nobles met ;

And our * great Monarch, high above them set :

Like young Augustus let his image be,

‘Triumphing for that victory at sea ;

Where † Egypt’s queen, and eastern kings, o’erthrown,

Made the possession of the world his own.

Last draw the commons at his royal feet,

Pouring-out treasure to supply his fleet :

* Charles II.

† Cleopatra.

They vow with lives, and fortunes, to maintain
 Their King's eternal title to the main :
 And, with a present to the Duke, approve
 His valour, conduct, and his country's love.

To the * K I N G.

GREAT Sir ! disdain not in this piece to stand,
 Supreme commander both of sea and land ;
 Those which inhabit the coelestial bow'r,
 Painters express with emblems of their pow'r ;
 His club Alcides, Phoebus has his bow,
 Jove has his thunder, and your navy you.

But your great providence no colours here
 Can represent ; nor pencil draw that care,
 Which keeps you waking, to secure our peace,
 The nation's glory, and our trade's increase :
 You, for these ends, whole days in council sit ;
 And the diversions of your youth forget.

Small were the worth of valour, and of force,
 If your high wisdom govern'd not their course :
 You as the soul, as the first mover you,
 Vigour, and life, on every part bestow :
 How to build ships, and dreadful ord'nance cast,
 Instruct the artists ; and reward their haste.

So, Jove himself, when Typhon heav'n does brave,
 Descends to visit Vulcan's smoaky cave :
 Teaching the brawny Cyclops how to frame
 His thunder, mix'd with terror, wrath, and flame.

* K. Charles II.

Had the old Greeks discover'd your abode,
 Crete had not been the cradle of their God :
 On that small island they had look'd with scorn :
 And in Great Britain thought the thund'rer born.

A Prefage of the Ruin of the Turkish
 Empire; presented to his Majesty King
 JAMES II. on his Birth-day.

SINCE James the Second grac'd the British throne,
 Truce, well observ'd, has been infring'd by none;
 Christians to him their present union owe,
 And late success against the common foe :
 While neighb'ring princes, loth to urge their fate,
 Court his assistance, and suspend their hate.
 So, angry bulls the combat do forbear,
 When from the wood a lion does appear.

This happy day peace to our island sent ;
 As now he gives it to the continent.

A prince more fit, for such a glorious task,
 Than England's king, from heav'n we cannot ask :
 He, (great and good!) proportion'd to the work,
 Their ill-drawn swords shall turn against the Turk.

Such kings, like stars with influence unconfin'd,
 Shine with aspect propitious to mankind ;
 Favour the innocent, repress the bold ;
 And, while they flourish, make an age of gold.

Bred in the camp, fam'd for his valour young ;
 At sea successful, vigorous, and strong ;

His fleet, his army, and his mighty mind,
Esteem, and rev'rence, thro' the world do find.
A prince, with such advantages as these,
Where he persuades not, may command a peace.
Britain declaring for the juster side,
The most ambitious will forget their pride ;
'They that complain will their endeavours cease,
Advis'd by him, incline to present peace;
Join to the Turk's destruction ; and then bring
All their pretences to so just a king.

If the successful troublers of mankind,
With laurel crown'd, so great applause do find ;
Shall the vex'd world less honour yield to those
That stop their progress, and their rage oppose ?
Next to that pow'r which does the ocean awe,
Is, to set bounds, and give ambition law.

'The British monarch shall the glory have,
That famous Greece remains no longer slave :
That source of art, and cultivated thought !
Which they to Rome, and Romans hither brought.

The banish'd Muses shall no longer mourn ;
But may with liberty to Greece return :
Tho' slaves, (like birds that sing not in a cage)
They lost their genius, and poetic rage ;
Homers again, and Pindars, may be found ;
And his great actions with their numbers crown'd.

The Turk's vast empire does united stand :
Christians, divided under the command
Of jarring princes, would be soon undone,
Did not this hero make their int'rest one:
Peace to embrace, ruin the common foe,
Exalt the cross, and lay the crescent low.

Thus may the gospel to the rising sun
 Be spread, and flourish where it first begun :
 And this great day, (so justly honour'd here!)
 Known to the east, and celebrated there.

*Haec ego longaevus cecini tibi, maxime regum !
 " Ausus et ipse manu juvenum tentare laborem."*

Virgil.

To the DUCHESS, when he presented this
 Book to her ROYAL HIGHNESS.

MADAM! I here present you with the rage,
 And with the beauties, of a former age :
 Wishing you may with as great pleasure view
 This, as we take in gazing upon you.
 Thus we writ then; your brighter eyes inspire
 A nobler flame, and raise our genius higher.
 While we your wit, and early knowledge, fear,
 To our productions we become severe :
 Your matchless beauty gives our fancy wing ;
 Your judgment makes us careful how we sing.
 Lines not compos'd, as heretofore, in haste,
 Polish'd like marble, shall like marble last :
 And make you through as many ages shine,
 As Tasso has the heroes of your line.

Tho' other names our wary writers use,
 You are the subject of the British Muse :
 Dilating mischief to yourself unknown,
 Men write, and die, of wounds they dare not own.
 So, the bright sun burns all our grass away,
 While it means nothing but to give us day.

These VERSES were writ in the TASSO of
her ROYAL HIGHNESS.

TASSO knew how the fairer sex to grace;
But in no one durst all perfection place:
In her alone that owns this book, is seen
Clorinda's spirit, and her lofty mein;
Sophronia's piety, Erminia's truth,
Armida's charms, her beauty, and her youth.

Our Princess here, as in a glass, does dress
Her well-taught mind; and ev'ry grace exprefs,
More to our wonder, than Rinaldo fought;
The hero's race excels the poet's thought.

OF
DIVINE LOVE.

A
POEM.

IN SIX CANTOES.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant ;
Sic nos SCRIPTURÆ depascimur aurea dicta :
Aurea ! perpetua semper dignissima vita ! * *
Nam DIVINUS AMOR cum coepit vociferari,
Diffugiunt animi terrores. * * Lucretius, Lib. 3.*

*Exul eram, requiesque mihi, non fama, petita est,
Mens intenta suis ne foret usque malis : * *
Namque ubi mota calent sacra mea pectora Musa,
Altior humano spiritus ille malo est.*

Ovid. de Trist. Lib. 4. El. 1.

THE ARGUMENTS.

- I. *Asserting the authority of the Scripture, in which this love is reveal'd.*
- II. *The preference and love of God to man in the creation.*
- III. *The same love more amply declar'd in our Redemption.*
- IV. *How necessary this love is to reform mankind, and how excellent in itself.*
- V. *Shewing how happy the world would be, if this love were universally embrac'd.*
- VI. *Of preserving this love in our memory ; and how useful the contemplation thereof is.*

C A N T O. I.

THE Grecian Muse has all their gods surviv'd,
 Nor Jove at us, nor Phoebus is arriv'd:
 Frail deities ! which first the poets made,
 And then invok'd, to give their fancies aid.
 Yet, if they still divert us with their rage,
 What may be hop'd for in a better age ;
 When, not from Helicon's imagin'd spring,
 But Sacred Writ, we borrow what we sing ?
 This with the fabric of the world begun ;
 Elder than light, and shall out-last the sun.
 Before this oracle, like Dagon, all
 The false pretenders, Delphos, Ammon, fall :
 Long since despis'd, and silent, they afford
 Honour, and triumph, to th' Eternal Word.

As late philosophy our globe has grac'd,
 And rowling earth among the planets plac'd :
 So has this book intitled us to heav'n ;
 And rules, to guide us to that mansion, giv'n :
 Tells the conditions how our peace was made,
 And is our pledge for the Great Author's aid.
 His pow'r in Nature's ample book we find ;
 But the less volume does express his mind.

This light unknown, bold Epicurus taught,
 That his blest gods vouchsafe us not a thought :
 But unconcern'd, let all below them slide,
 As fortune does, or human wisdom, guide.
 Religion thus remov'd, the sacred yoke,
 And band of all society, is broke ;

What use of oaths, of promise, or of test,
 Where men regard no god, but interest?
 What endless war would jealous nations tear,
 If none above did witness what they swear?
 Sad fate of unbelievers, and yet just,
 Among themselves to find so little trust!
 Were Scripture silent, Nature would proclaim,
 Without a God, our falsehood, and our shame.
 To know our thoughts the object of his eyes,
 Is the first step tow'rd's being good, or wise;
 For, tho' with judgment we on things reflect,
 Our will determines, not our intellect;
 Slaves to their passion, reason men employ
 Only to compass what they would enjoy.
 His fear, to guard us from ourselves, we need;
 And sacred writ our reason does exceed.
 For, tho' heav'n shews the glory of the Lord,
 Yet something shines more glorious in his word;
 His mercy this, (which all his work excels!)
 His tender kindness, and compassion, tells;
 While we, inform'd by that coelestial book,
 Into the bowels of our Maker look.
 Love there reveal'd, (which never shall have end,
 Nor had beginning) shall our song commend;
 Describe itself, and warm us with that flame,
 Which first from heav'n, to make us happy, came.

C A N T O II.

TH E fear of hell, or aiming to be blest,
 Savours too much of private interest.

This mov'd not Moses, nor the zealous Paul;
 Who for their friends abandon'd soul and all:
 A greater yet from heav'n to hell descends,
 To save, and make his enemies his friends.
 What line of praise can fathom such a love,
 Which reach'd the lowest bottom from above?
 The * royal prophet, that extended grace
 From heav'n to earth, measur'd but half that space:
 The law was regnant, and confin'd his thought;
 Hell was not conquer'd when that poet wrote:
 Heav'n was scarce heard of, until HE came down
 To make the region where love triumphs known.

That early love of creatures yet unmade,
 To frame the world th' Almighty did persuade,
 For love it was that first created light,
 Mov'd on the waters, chas'd away the night
 From the rude chaos; and bestow'd new grace
 On things dispos'd of to their proper place;
 Some to rest here; and some to shine above:
 Earth, sea, and heav'n, were all the effects of love.
 And love would be return'd. But there was none
 That to themselves, or others, yet were known:
 The world a palace was without a guest,
 Till one appears that must excel the rest!
 One! like the Author, whose capacious mind
 Might, by the glorious work, the Maker find:
 Might measure heav'n, and give each star a name;
 With art and courage the rough ocean tame;
 Over the globe with swelling sails might go,
 And that 'tis round by his experience know:

* David.

Make strongest beasts obedient to his will,
 And serve his use the fertile earth to till.
 When, by his word, God had accomplish'd all,
 Man to create he did a council call:
 Employ'd his hand, to give the dust he took
 A graceful figure and majestic look:
 With his own breath, convey'd into his breast
 Life, and a soul fit to command the rest:
 Worthy alone to celebrate his name
 For such a gift; and tell from whence it came.
 Birds sing his praises in a wilder note;
 But not with lasting numbers, and with thought;
 Man's great prerogative! But above all
 His grace abounds in his new fav'rite's fall.

If he create, it is a world he makes;
 If he be angry, the creation shakes:
 From his just wrath our guilty parents fled;
 He curs'd the earth, but bruis'd the serpent's head.
 Amidst the storm, his bounty did exceed,
 In the rich promise of the Virgin's seed.
 Though justice death, as satisfaction, craves,
 Love finds a way to pluck us from our graves.

C A N T O III.

NOT willing terror should his image move;
 He gives a pattern of eternal love;
 His Son descends, to treat a peace with those
 Which were, and must have ever been, his foes.
 Poor he became, and left his glorious seat,
 To make us humble; and to make us great:

His bus'ness here was happiness to give
To those whose malice could not let him live.

Legions of angels, which he might have us'd,
(For us resolv'd to perish) he refus'd :
While they stood ready to prevent his loss,
Love took him, and nail'd him to the cross.
Immortal love! which in his bowels reign'd,
That we might be by such great love constrain'd
To make return of love : Upon this pole
Our duty does, and our religion, roll.
To love is to believe, to hope, to know;
'Tis an essay, a taste, of heav'n below!

He to proud potentates would not be known;
Of those that lov'd him, he was hid from none.
Till love appear, we live in anxious doubt;
But smog will vanish when that flame breaks out.
This is the fire that would consume our dross,
Refine, and make us richer by the loss.

Could we forbear dispute, and practise love,
We should agree as angels do above;
Where love presides : Not vice alone does find
No entrance there, but virtues stay behind :
Both faith, and hope, and all the meaner train
Of moral virtues, at the door remain.
Love only enters as a native there;
For, born in heav'n, it does but sojourn here.

He that alone would wise and mighty be,
Commands that others love as well as he.
Love as he lov'd!----How can we soar so high?----
He can add wings, when he commands to fly.
Nor should we be with this command dismay'd;
He that examples gives will give his aid :

For he took flesh, that where his precepts fail,
 His practice, as a pattern, may prevail.
 His love at once, and dread, instruct our thought;
 As Man he suffer'd, and as God he taught.
 Will, for the deed, he takes; we may with ease
 Obedient be, for if we love, we please.
 Weak though we are, to love is no hard task;
 And love for love is all that heav'n does ask.
 Love! that would all men just and temp'rate make,
 Kind to themselves and others, for his sake.

'Tis with our minds as with a fertile ground;
 Wanting this love, they must with weeds abound,
 (Unruly passions) whose effects are worse
 Than thorns and thistles, springing from the curse.

C A N T O IV.

TO glory man, or misery, is born;
 Of his proud foe the envy, or the scorn:
 Wretched he is, or happy in extreme;
 Base in himself, but great in heav'n's esteem.
 With love, of all created things the best;
 Without it, more pernicious than the rest.
 For greedy wolves unguarded sheep devour
 But while their hunger lasts, and then give o'er.
 Man's boundless avarice his want exceeds,
 And on his neighbours round about him feeds.

His pride and vain ambition are so vast,
 That, deluge-like, they lay whole nations waste:
 Debauches and excess (though with less noise)
 As great a portion of mankind destroys.

The beasts and monsters Hercules oppress,
Might, in that age, some provinces infest :
These more destructive monsters are the bane
Of ev'ry age, and in all nations reign :
But soon would vanish, if the world were blest'd
With sacred love, by which they are repress'd.
Impendent death, and guilt that threatens hell,
Are dreadful guests, which here with mortals dwell;
And a vex'd conscience, mingling with their joy
Thoughts of despair, does their whole life annoy ;
But love appearing, all those terrors fly ;
We live contented, and contented die.
They in whose breast this sacred love has place,
Death, 'as a passage to their joy, embrace.
Clouds and thick vapours, which obscure the day,
The sun's victorious beams may chase away ;
Those which our life corrupt and darken, love
(The nobler star!) must from the soul remove.
Spots are observ'd in that which bounds the year ;
This brighter sun moves in a boundless sphere :
Of heav'n the joy, the glory, and the light ;
Shines among angels, and admits no night.

C A N T O V.

THIS iron age, (so fraudulent and bold!)
Touch'd with this love, would be an age of gold.
Not, as they feign'd, that oaks should honey drop,
Or land neglected bear an unsown crop.
Love would make all things easy, safe, and cheap;
None for himself would either sow or reap:
Our ready help and mutual love would yield
A nobler harvest than the richest field.
Famine and death, confin'd to certain parts,
Extended are by barrenness of hearts.
Some pine for want, where others surfeit now;
But then we should the use of plenty know.
Love would betwixt the rich and needy stand;
And spread heav'n's bounty with an equal hand:
At once the givers and receivers bless;
Increase their joy, and make their sufferings less.
Who for himself no miracle would make,
Dispens'd with sev'ral for the people's sake.
He that, long fasting, would no wonder show,
Made loaves and fishes, as they eat them, grow.
Of all his pow'r, which boundless was above,
Here he us'd none but to express his love:
And such a love would make our joy exceed,
Not when our own, but other mouths, we feed.
Laws will be useless, which rude Nature awe;
Love, changing nature, would prevent the law:
Tygers and lions into dens we thrust;
But milder creatures with their freedom trust.

Devils are chain'd, and tremble : But the spouse
No force but love, nor bond but bounty, knows.
Men (whom we now so fierce and dang'rous see)
Would guardian angels to each other be :
Such wonders can this mighty love perform ;
Vultures to doves, wolves into lambs transform !
Love, what Isaiah prophesy'd, can do,
Exalt the valleys, lay the mountains low ;
Humble the lofty, the dejected raise,
Smooth and make streight our rough and crooked ways.
Love, strong as death, and like it, levels all ;
With that possess'd, the great in title fall :
Themselves esteem but equal to the least,
Whom heav'n with that high character has blest'd.
This love, the center of our union, can
Alone bestow complete repose on man ;
'Tame his wild appetite, make inward peace,
And foreign strife among the nations cease.
No martial trumpet should disturb our rest,
Nor princes arm, though to subdue the east ;
Where, for the tomb, so many heroes (taught
By those that guided their devotion) fought.
Thrice-happy we, could we like ardour have
To gain his love, as they to win his grave !
Love as he lov'd ! A love so unconfin'd,
With arms extended, would embrace mankind.
Self-love would cease, or be dilated, when
We should behold as many selves as men :
All of one family, in blood ally'd,
His precious blood, that for our ransom dy'd !

CANTO VI.

THOUGH the creation, (so divinely taught!)
Prints such a lively image on our thought,
That the first spark of new-created light,
From chaos strook, affects our present sight:
Yet the first Christians did esteem more blest
The day of rising than the day of rest;
That ev'ry week might new occasion give,
To make his triumph in their mem'ry live.
Then let our Muse compose a sacred charm,
To keep his blood among us ever warm:
And singing, as the blessed do above,
With our last breath dilate this flame of love.
But on so vast a subject, who can find
Words that may reach th' ideas of his mind?
Our language fails: Or if it could supply,
What mortal thought can raise itself so high?
Despairing here, we might abandon art,
And only hope to have it in our heart.
But, though we find this sacred task too hard,
Yet the design, th' endeavour brings reward.
The contemplation does suspend our woe,
And make a truce with all the ills we know.
As Saul's afflicted spirit, from the sound
Of David's harp, a present solace found:
So on this theme, while we our Muse engage,
No wounds are felt of fortune or of age.
On divine love to meditate is peace,
And makes all care of meaner things to cease.

Amaz'd at once, and comforted, to find
A boundless Pow'r so infinitely kind;
The soul contending to that light to fly
From her dark cell, we practise how to die;
Employing thus the poet's winged art,
To reach this love, and grave it in our heart.
Joy so compleat, so solid, and severe,
Would leave no place for meaner pleasures there:
Pale they would look, as stars that must be gone,
When from the east the rising sun comes on.

O F T H E
F E A R O F G O D.
I N T W O C A N T O E S.

C A N T O I.

TH E fear of God is freedom, joy, and peace;
And makes all ills that vex us here to cease;
Tho' the word, Fear, some men may ill endure,
'Tis such a fear, as only makes secure.
Ask of no angel to reveal thy fate;
Look in thy heart, the mirror of thy state.
He that invites will not th' invited mock;
Op'ning to all, that do in earnest knock.
Our hopes are all well grounded on this fear;
All our assurance rolls upon that sphere.

This fear, that drives all other fears away,
Shall be my song; the morning of our day !
Where that fear is, there's nothing to be fear'd ;
It brings from heav'n an angel for a guard :
Tranquility, and peace, this fear doth give ;
Hell gapes for those that do without it live.
It is a beam, which he on man lets fall,
Of light ; by which he made, and governs, all.
'Tis God alone should not offended be ;
But we please others, as more great than he.
For a good cause, the sufferings of man
May well be born : 'Tis more than angels can.
Man, since his fall, in no mean station rests,
Above the angels, or below the beasts.
He with true joy their hearts does only fill,
That thirst, and hunger, to perform his will.
Others, tho' rich, shall in this world be vext ;
And sadly live, in terror of the next.
The * world's great conqu'ror would his point pursue ;
And wept, because he could not find a new :
Which had he done, yet still he would have cry'd ;
To make him work, until a third he spy'd.
Ambition, avarice, will nothing owe
To heav'n itself, unless it make them grow.
Tho' richly fed, man's care does still exceed :
Has but one mouth, yet would a thousand feed.
In wealth, and honour, by such men possess'd,
If it increase not, there is found no rest.
All their delight is while their wish comes in ;
Sad when it stops, as there had nothing been.

* Alexander.

Tis strange, men should neglect their present store,
 And take no joy, but in pursuing more;
 No! tho' arriv'd at all the world can aim;
 This is the mark, and glory, of our frame.
 A soul capacious of the Deity,
 Nothing, but he that made, can satisfy.
 A thousand worlds, if we with him compare,
 Less than so many drops of water are.
 Men take no pleasure, but in new designs;
 And what they hope for, what they have, out-shines.
 Our sheep, and oxen, seem no more to crave;
 With full content feeding on what they have;
 Vex not themselves for an increase of store;
 But think to-morrow we shall give them more.
 What we from day to day receive from heav'n,
 They do from us expect it should be giv'n.
 We made them not, yet they on us rely;
 More than vain men upon the Deity;
 More beasts than they! that will not understand,
 That we are fed from his immediate hand.
 Man, that in him has being, moves, and lives,
 What can he have, or use, but what he gives?
 So that no bread can nourishment afford,
 Or useful be, without his sacred word.

C A N T O II.

EARTH praises conquerors for shedding blood;
 Heav'n, those that love their foes, and do them
 It is terrestrial honour, to be crown'd [good.
 For strowing men, like rushes, on the ground.

True glory 'tis to rise above them all,
Without th' advantage taken by their fall.
He that in fight diminishes mankind,
Does no addition to his stature find:
But he that does a noble nature show,
Obliging others, still does higher grow.
For virtue practis'd such an habit gives,
That among men he like an angel lives.
Humbly he doth, and without envy dwell;
Lov'd, and admir'd, by those he does excel.
Fools anger shew, which politicians hide;
Blest with this fear, men let it not abide.
The humble man, when he receives a wrong,
Refers revenge to whom it doth belong.
Nor sees he reason why he should engage,
Or vex his spirit, for another's rage.
Plac'd on a rock, vain men he pities tost
On raging waves, and in the tempest lost.
The rolling planets, and the glorious sun,
Still keep that order which they first begun;
They their first lesson constantly repeat,
Which their Creator, as a law did set.
Above, below, exactly all obey:
But wretched men have found another way;
Knowledge of good, and evil, as at first,
(That vain persuasion!) keeps them still accurst!
'The sacred word refusing as a guide,
Slaves they become to luxury, and pride.
As clocks, remaining in the skilful hand
Of some great master, at the figure stand;
But when abroad, neglected they do go,
At random strike, and the false hour do show:

So, from our MAKER wandering, we stray;
Like birds, that know not to their nests the way.
In him we dwelt before our exile here:
And may, returning, find contentment there:
True joy may find, perfection of delight,
Behold his face, and shun eternal night.

Silence, my Muse! make not these jewels cheap,
Exposing to the world too large an heap.
Of all we read, the sacred writ is best;
Where great truths are in fewest words exprest.

Wrestling with death, these lines I did indite;
No other theme could give my soul delight.
O, that my youth had thus employ'd my pen!
Or that I now could write as well as then!
But 'tis of grace, if sickness, age, and pain,
Are felt as throes, when we are born again:
Timely they come to wean us from this earth;
As pangs that wait upon a second birth.

N

O F

D I V I N E P O E S Y.

T W O C A N T O E S.

Occasion'd upon sight of the LIII^d Chapter of Ifaiah, turned into Verse by Mrs Wharton.

C A N T O I.

P O E T S we prize, when in their verse we find
Some great employment of a worthy mind.
Angels have been inquisitive to know
The secret, which this oracle does show.
What was to come, Ifaiah did declare ;
Which she describes, as if she had been there ;
Had seen the wounds, which to the reader's view
She draws so lively, that they bleed a-new.
As ivy thrives, which on the oak takes hold ;
So, with the Prophet's may her lines grow old !
If they should die, who can the world forgive,
(Such pious lines!) when wanton Sappho's live ?
Who with his breath his image did inspire,
Expects it should foment a nobler fire :

Not love which brutes, as well as men, may know;

But love like his, to whom that breath we owe.

Verse so design'd, on that high subject wrote,

Is the perfection of an ardent thought:

The smoke which we from burning incense raise,

When we complete the sacrifice of praise.

In boundless verse the fancy soars too high,

For any object but the Deity.

What mortal can with heav'n pretend to share

In the superlatives of wise and fair?

A meaner subject when with these we grace,

A giant's habit on a dwarf we place.

Sacred should be the product of our muse,

Like that sweet oil, above all private use;

On pain of death forbidden to be made,

But when it should be on the altar laid.

Verse shews a rich inestimable vein,

When, drop'd from heav'n, 'tis thither sent again.

Of bounty 'tis that he admits our praise,

Which does not him, but us that yield it, raise.

For, as that angel up to heav'n did rise,

Borne on the flame of Manoah's sacrifice:

So, wing'd with praise, we penetrate the sky;

Teach clouds and stars to praise him as we fly;

The whole creation (by our fall made groan!)

His praise to echo, and suspend their moan.

For, that he reigns, all creatures should rejoice;

And we with songs supply their want of voice.

The church triumphant, and the church below,

In songs of praise their present union show:

Their joys are full; our expectation long;

In life we differ, but we join in song.

Angels, and we, assisted by this art,
May sing together, though we dwell a-part.

Thus we reach heav'n, while vainer poems must
No higher rise than winds may lift the dust.
From that they spring; this, from his breath that gave,
To the first dust th' immortal soul we have.
His praise well sung (our great endeavour here)
Shakes off the dust, and makes that breath appear.

C A N T O II.

* **H**E that did first this way of writing grace,
Convers'd with the Almighty face to face :
Wonders he did in sacred verse unfold,
When he had more than eighty winters told :
The writer feels no dire effect of age ;
Nor verse, that flows from so divine a rage.
Eldest of poets, he beheld the light,
When first it triumph'd o'er eternal night :
Chaos he saw, and could distinctly tell
How that confusion into order fell :
As if consulted with, he has express'd
The work of the Creator, and his rest :
How the flood drown'd the first offending race,
Which made the figure of our globe deface.
For new-made earth, so even, and so fair,
Less equal now, uncertain makes the air :
Surpriz'd with heat, and unexpected cold,
Early distempers make our youth look old :
Our days so evil, and so few, may tell
That on the ruins of that world we dwell.

* Moses.

Strong as the oaks that nourish'd them, and high,
 That long-liv'd race did on their force rely,
 Neglecting heav'n. But we, of shorter date!
 Should be more mindful of impendent fate.
 To worms, that crawl upon this rubbish here,
 This spawn of life may yet too long appear:
 Enough to humble, and to make us great,
 If it prepare us for a nobler feat.
 Which well observing, he, in numerous lines,
 Taught wretched man how fast his life declines:
 In whom he dwelt, before the world was made,
 And may again retire, when that shall fade.
 The lasting Iliads have not liv'd so long,
 As his, and Deborah's triumphant song.
 Delphos unknown, no Muse could them inspire,
 But that which governs the coelestial choir.
 Heav'n to the pious did this art reveal;
 And from their store succeeding poets steal:
 Homer's Scamander for the Trojans fought,
 And swell'd so high, by her old Kishon taught:
 His river scarce could fierce Achilles stay;
 Hers, more successful, swept her foes away.
 The host of heav'n, his Phoebus, and his Mars,
 He arms: Instructed by her fighting stars,
 She led them all against the common foe:
 But he, (misled by what he saw below!)
 The pow'rs above, like wretched men, divides,
 And breaks their union into different sides.
 The noblest parts which in his heroes shine,
 May be but copies of that heroine:
 Homer himself, and Agamemnon, she
 The writer could, and the commander be.

Truth she relates, in a sublimer strain
 Than all the tales the boldest Greeks could feign :
 For, what she sung, that Spirit did indite
 Which gave her courage, and success, in fight.
 A double garland crowns the matchless dame ;
 From heav'n her poem, and her conquest came.

Tho' of the Jews she merit most esteem ;
 Yet here the Christian has the greater theme :
 Her martial song describes how Sifera fell ;
 This sings our triumph over death, and hell.
 The rising light employ'd the sacred breath
 Of the blest Virgin, and Elisabeth.
 In songs of joy the angels sung his birth :
 Here, how he treated was upon the earth,
 Trembling we read ! th' affliction and the scorn,
 Which, for our guilt, so patiently was born !
 Conception, birth, and suff'ring, all belong,
 (Tho' various parts) to one coelestial song :
 And she, well using so divine an art,
 Has, in this consort, sung the tragic part.

As Hanna's seed was vow'd to sacred use ;
 So, here this lady consecrates her Muse.
 With like reward may heav'n her bed adorn,
 With fruit as fair, as by her Muse is born !

On the Paraphrase on the LORD's Prayer,
 Written by Mrs WHARTON.

SILENCE, you winds ! listen etherial lights !
 While Urania sings what heav'n indites :
 The numbers are the nymph's ; but from above
 Descends the pledge of that eternal love.

Here wretched mortals have not leave alone,
But are instructed, to approach his throne :
And how can he to miserable men
Deny requests, which his own hand did pen ?

In the Evangelists we find the prose ;
Which, paraphras'd by her, a poem grows ;
A devout rapture ! so divine a hymn,
It may become the highest Seraphim !
For they, like her, in that coelestial choir,
Sing only what the Spirit does inspire.
Taught by our Lord, and theirs, with us they may
For all, but pardon for offences, pray.

Some Reflections of his upon the several
Petitions in the same Prayer.

I. **H**IS sacred name, with rev'rence profound,
Should mention'd be, and trembling at the
found !

It was Jehovah ; 'tis our Father now ;
So low to us does heav'n vouchsafe to bow * !
He brought it down, and taught us how to pray ;
And did so dearly for our ransom pay.

II. *His kingdom come.* For this we pray in vain,
Unless he does in our affections reign :
Absurd it were to wish for such a King,
And not obedience to his sceptre bring :
Whose yoke is easy, and his burthen light ;
His service freedom, and his judgments right.

* Psalm xviii. v. 9.

III. *His will be done.* In fact 'tis always done ;
But, as in heav'n, it must be made our own :
His will should all our inclinations sway,
Whom nature, and the universe, obey.
Happy the man ! whose wishes are confin'd
To what has been eternally design'd ;
Referring all to his paternal care,
To whom more dear, than to ourselves, we are.

IV. It is not what our avarice hoards up ;
'Tis he that feeds us, and that fills our cup :
Like new born babes, depending on the breast,
From day to day, we on his bounty feast.
Nor should the soul expect above a day,
To dwell in her frail tenement of clay :
The setting sun should seem to bound our race,
And the new day a gift of special grace.

V. *That he should all our trespasses forgive,*
While we in hatred with our neighbours live ;
Tho' so to pray may seem an easy task,
We curse ourselves when thus inclin'd we ask.
This pray'r to use, we ought with equal care
Our souls, as to the sacrament, prepare.
The noblest worship of the Pow'r above
Is to extol, and imitate, his love ;
Not to forgive our enemies alone ;
But use our bounty that they may be won.

VI. *Guard us from all temptations of the foe :*
And those we may in sev'ral stations know ;
The rich, and poor, in slipp'ry places stand ;
Give us enough but, with a sparing hand !
Not ill-persuading want ; nor wanton wealth ;
But, what proportion'd is to life, and health.

For, not the dead, but living, sing thy praise;
Exalt thy kingdom, and thy glory raise.

*Favete linguis ! * * * **

Virginibus puerisque canto.

HORAT.

On the foregoing DIVINE POEMS.

WHEN we for age could neither read, nor write,
The subject made us able to indite:
The soul, with nobler resolutions deck'd,
The body stooping, does herself erect:
No mortal parts are requisite to raise
Her, that unbody'd can her Maker praise.

The seas are quiet, when the winds give o'er:
So, calm are we, when passions are no more!
For, then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness, which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light, thro' chinks that time has made;
Stronger by weakness, wiser, men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

* * * * *Miratur limen Olympi.*

VIRG.

POEMS UPON
EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS,
AND
FRAGMENTS.

Under a LADY'S PICTURE.

SUCH Helen was ! and who can blame the * boy
That in so bright a flame consum'd his Troy ?
But, had like virtue shin'd in that fair Greek,
The amorous shepherd had not dar'd to seek,
Or hope for pity ; but with silent moan,
And better fate, had perished alone.

Of a Lady who writ in Praise of MIRA.

WHILE she pretends to make the graces known
Of matchless Mira, she reveals her own :
And, when she would another's praise indite,
Is by her glass instructed how write.

To one married to an old Man.

SINCE thou would'st needs (bewitch'd with some ill
Be bury'd in those monumental arms : [charms !]
All we can wish, is, May that earth lie light
Upon thy tender limbs ! and so good night !

* Paris.

An EPIGRAM on a Painted LADY
with ill Teeth,

WERE men so dull they could not see
That Lyce painted; should they flee,
Like simple birds, into a net,
So grossly woven, and ill set;
Her own teeth would undo the knot,
And let all go that she had got.
Those teeth fair Lyce must not show,
If she would bite; her lovers, though
Like birds they stoop at seeming grapes,
Are dis-abus'd, when first she gapes:
The rotten bones discover'd there,
Shew 'tis a painted sepulchre.

EPIGRAM upon the GOLDEN MEDAL.

OUR guard upon the royal side!
On the reverse, our beauty's pride!
Here we discern the frown, and smile,
The force, and glory, of our isle.
In the rich medal, both so like
Immortals stand, it seems antique;
Carv'd by some master, when the bold
Greeks made their Jove descend in gold;
And Danae wond'ring at that show'r,
Which, falling, storm'd her brazen tow'r.
Britannia there, the fort in vain
Had batter'd been with golden rain;

'Thunder itself had fail'd to pass :
Virtue's a stronger guard than brass.

Written on a Card that her * MAJESTY
tore at OMBRE.

THE cards you tear in value rise ;
So do the wounded by your eyes.
Who to coelestial things aspire,
Are by that passion rais'd the higher.

To Mr GRANVILLE, (now Lord LANSDOWN),
on his Verses to K. JAMES II.

AN early plant ! which such a blossom bears,
And shews a genius so beyond his years ;
A judgment ! that could make so fair a choice ;
So high a subject, to employ his voice :
Still as it grows, how sweetly will he sing
The growing greatness of our matchless king !

Long and short Life.

CIRCLES are prais'd, not that abound
In largeness, but th' exactly round :
So, life we praise, that does excel
Not in much time, but acting well.

* Q. Catharine.

Translated out of SPANISH.

THOUGH we may seem importunate,
 While your compassion we implore :
 They, whom you make too fortunate,
 May with presumption vex you more.

Translated out of FRENCH.

FADE, flowers, fade, Nature will have it so ;
 'Tis but what we must in our autumn do !
 And, as your leaves lie quiet on the ground,
 The loss alone by those that loved them found :
 So, in the grave, shall we as quiet lie ;
 Miss'd by some few that lov'd our company.
 But, some so like to thorns and nettles live,
 That none for them can, when they perish, grieve.

Some Verses of an imperfect Copy, designed
 for a Friend, on his Translation of OVID'S
 FASTI.

ROME'S holy days you tell, as if a guest
 With the old Romans you were wont to feast.
 Numa's religion, by themselves believ'd,
 Excels the true, only in shew receiv'd.
 They made the nations round about them bow,
 With their dictators taken from the plow :

Such pow'r has justice, faith, and honesty !
 The world was conquer'd by morality.
 Seeming devotion does but gild a knave,
 That's-neither faithful, honest, just, nor brave:
 But, where religion does with virtue join,
 It makes a hero like an angel shine.-----

* * * * *

On the STATUE of King CHARLES the First,
 at CHARING-CROSS.

In the year 1674.

THAT the First Charles does here in triumph ride;
 See his son reign where he a martyr dy'd;
 And people pay that reverence as they pass,
 (Which then he wanted!) to the sacred brass;
 Is not th' effect of gratitude alone,
 To which we owe the statue and the stone.
 But heav'n this lasting monument has wrought,
 That mortals may eternally be taught,
 Rebellion, though successful, is but vain;
 And kings so kill'd rise conquerors again.
 This truth the royal image does proclaim,
 Loud as the trumpet of surviving Fame.

P R I D E.

NOT the brave * Macedonian youth alone;
 But base Caligula, when on the throne,
 Boundless in power, would make himself a god;
 As if the world depended on his nod.
 The † Syrian King to beasts was headlong thrown,
 E'er to himself he could be mortal known.
 The meanest wretch, if heav'n should give him line,
 Would never stop, 'till he were thought divine.
 All might within discern the serpent's pride,
 If from ourselves nothing ourselves did hide.
 Let the proud peacock his gay feathers spread,
 And woo the female to his painted bed;
 Let winds, and seas, together rage, and swell;
 This nature teaches; and becomes them well.
Pride was not made for men ‡: A conscious sense
Of guilt, and folly, and their consequence,
Destroys the claim; and to beholders tells,
Here, nothing, but the shape of manhood, dwells.

E P I T A P H on Sir GEORGE SPEKE.

UNDER this stone lies virtue, youth,
 Unblemish'd probity, and truth;
 Just unto all relations known,
 A worthy patriot, pious, son;

* Alexander. † Nebuchadnezzar. ‡ Eccles. x. 18.

Whom neighb'ring towns so often sent,
To give their sense in parliament ;
With lives, and fortunes, trusting one,
Who so discreetly us'd his own.
Sober he was, wise, temperate ;
Contented with an old estate,
Which no foul avarice did increase,
Nor wanton luxury make less.
While yet but young, his father dy'd,
And left him to an happy guide ;
Not Lemuel's mother with more care
Did counsel, or instruct her heir ;
Or teach with more success her son
The vices of the time to shun.
An heiress she ; while yet alive,
All that was hers to him did give :
And he just gratitude did show
To one that had oblig'd him so :
Nothing too much for her he thought,
By whom he was so bred, and taught,
So (early made that path to tread,
Which did his youth to honour lead)
His short life did a pattern give,
How neighbours, husbands, friends should live.

The virtues of a private life
Exceed the glorious noise, and strife,
Of battles won : In those we find
The solid int'rest of mankind.

Approv'd by all, and lov'd so well,
Tho' young, like fruit that's ripe, he fell.

EPITAPH on Colonel CHARLES
CAVENDISH.

HERE lies Charles Ca'ndish: Let the marble stone,
That hides his ashes, make his virtue known.
Beauty, and valour, did his short life grace;
The grief, and glory, of his noble race!
Early abroad he did the world survey,
As if he knew he had not long to stay:
Saw what great Alexander in the east,
And mighty Julius conquer'd in the west.
Then, with a mind as great as theirs, he came
To find at home occasion for his fame:
Where dark confusion did the nations hide;
And where the juster, was the weaker, side.
Two loyal brothers took their sov'reign's part,
Employ'd their wealth, their courage, and their art;
The * elder did whole regiments afford;
The younger brought his conduct, and his sword.
Born to command, a leader he begun,
And on the rebels lasting honour won:
The horse, instructed by their General's worth,
Still made the king victorious in the north:
Where Ca'ndish fought, the royalists prevail'd;
Neither his courage, nor his judgment, fail'd:
The current of his vict'ries found no stop,
'Till Cromwell came, his party's chiefest prop.
Equal success had set these champions high,
And both resolve to conquer or to die:

* William Earl of Devonshire.

Virtue with rage, fury with valour, strove ;
But, that must fall which is decreed above !
Cromwell, with odds of number, and of fate,
Remov'd this bulwark of the church, and state :
Which the sad issue of the war declar'd,
And made his task, to ruin both, less hard
So, when the bank neglected is o'erthrown,
The boundless torrent does the country drown.
Thus fell the young, the lovely, and the brave ;
Strew bays, and flowers, on his honour'd grave !

EPI TAPH on the Lady SEDLEY.

HERE lies the learned Savil's heir ;
So early wise, and lasting fair !
That none, except her years they told,
Thought her a child, or thought her old.
All that her father knew, or got,
His art, his wealth, fell to her lot :
And she so well improv'd that stock,
Both of his knowledge, and his flock,
That wit and fortune, reconcil'd
In her, upon each other smil'd.
While she, to ev'ry well-taught mind,
Was so propitiously inclin'd,
And gave such title to her store,
That none, but th' ignorant, were poor.
The Muses daily found supplies
Both from her hands, and from her eyes.
Her bounty did at once engage,
And matchless beauty warm, their rage.

Such was this dame in calmer days,
 Her nation's ornament and praise!
 But when a storm disturb'd our rest,
 The port and refuge of th' oppress'd.
 This made her fortune understood,
 And look'd on as some public good.
 So that, (her person and her state,
 Exempted from the common fate)
 In all our civil fury she
 Stood, like a sacred temple, free.
 May here her monument stand so,
 To credit this rude age! and show
 To future times, that even we
 Some patterns did of virtue see:
 And one sublime example had
 Of good, among so many bad.

EPITAPH, to be written under the LATIN
 Inscription upon the Tomb of the only Son
 of the Lord ANDOVER.

'TIS fit the English reader should be told,
 In our own language, what this tomb does hold.
 'Tis not a noble corpse alone does lie
 Under this stone, but a whole family:
 His parent's pious care, their name, their joy,
 And all their hope, lies bury'd with this boy:
 This lovely youth! for whom we all made moan,
 That knew his worth, as he had been our own.
 Had there been space and years enough allow'd,
 His courage, wit, and breeding to have show'd,

We had not found, in all the numerous roll
 Of his fam'd ancestors, a greater soul :
 His early virtues to that ancient stock
 Gave as much honour, as from thence he took.
 Like buds appearing ere the frosts are past;
 To become man he made such fatal haste;
 And to perfection labour'd so to climb,
 Preventing slow experience and time;
 That 'tis no wonder death our hopes beguil'd ;
 He's seldom old that will not be a child.

E P I T A P H unfinish'd.

GREAT soul! from whom death will no longer stay,
 But sends in haste to snatch our bliss away.
 O cruel death ! to those you take more kind,
 Than to the wretched mortals left behind!
 Here beauty, youth, and noble virtue shin'd :
 Free from the clouds of pride that shade the mind.
 Inspired verse may on this marble live,
 But can no honour to thy ashes give.-----

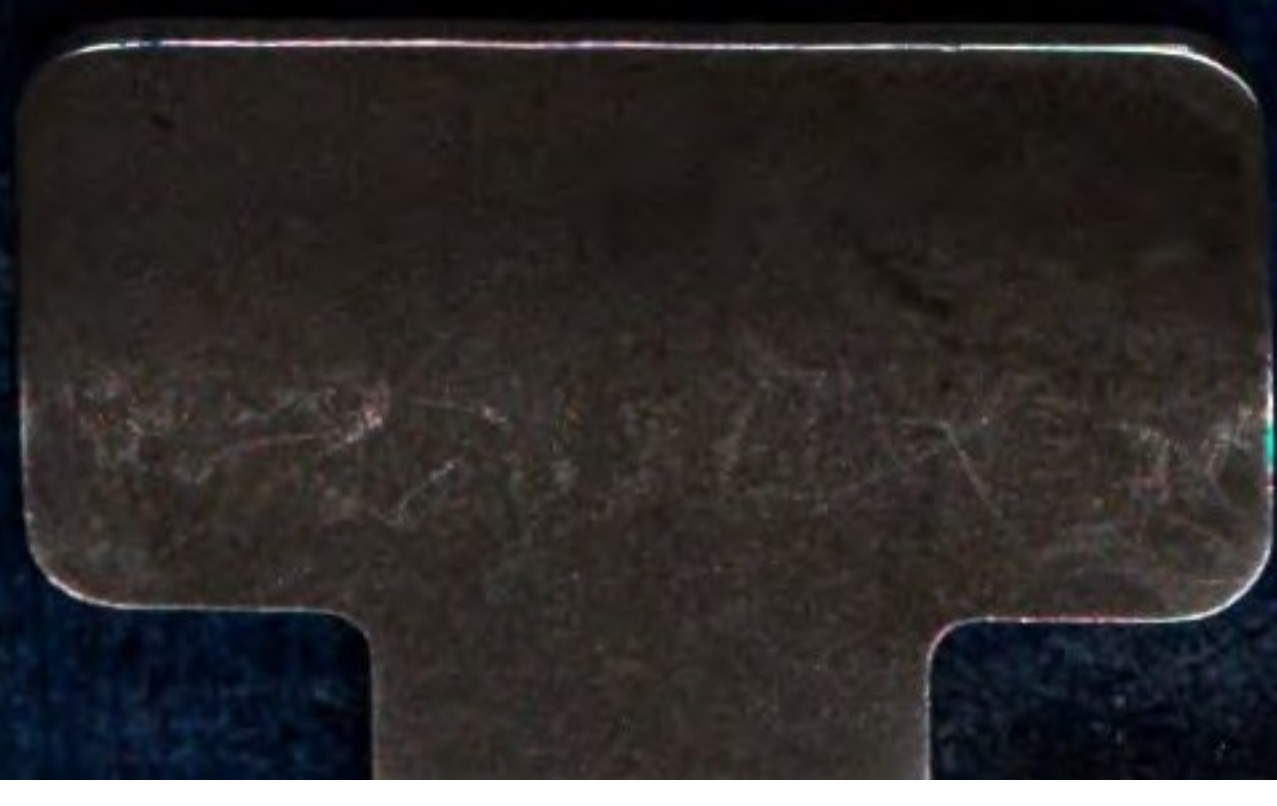
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